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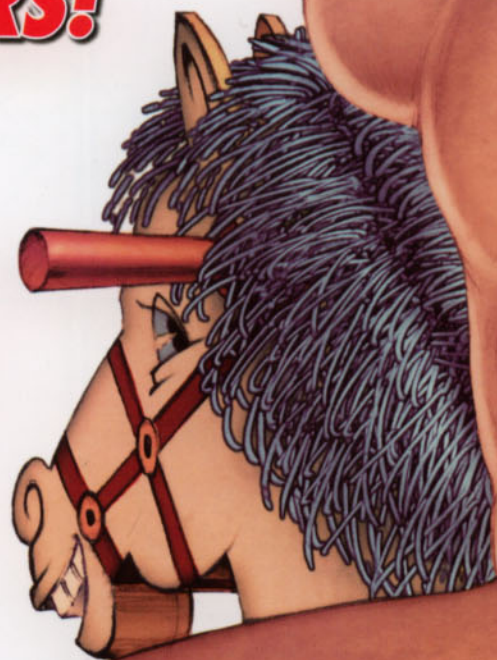
ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

FRENCH KISS

#13

**HOT RIDERS
FOR HOT
READERS!**

**100
PAGES!
52 IN FULL
COLOR!**



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Editorial

13 BRINGS GOOD LUCK

The other day a friend up to his eyeballs in the erotica industry mentioned that he'd recently found a product that bowled him over. It was, according to him, a set of DVDs about the following: two guys go around beaches and discos with a camera and when they find a hottie, offer up this proposition: show us your tits and we'll give you a t-shirt.

Beyond the product in question—there's no doubt that it's hot in its own way—the thing that got us thinking about it is that now that it's so easy to see total nudes, we still get excited by that kind of thing. And on the same note, in Under the Counter this month we discuss a website dedicated entirely to showing the expressions of ecstasy drawn on the faces of women when they're cumming. Some of you may frown and say, "Why would someone be content with a series of faces when you can see full-on penetration?" And whoever brought up penetration brought up what's necessary, because that's why we live immersed in an explicit culture where porn offers practically everything you can imagine.

Following the old rule in cinema, literature and any of the other arts that involve the esthetic sense and the intellect, in eroticism it's also important to show, not tell the circumstances that describe the act and that surround us all as spectators. It's not just about putting it in and taking it out, thank god. As Harvey Pekar says, life is a complex reality, and sex, as a

fundamental part of it, isn't an exception.

Keep on enjoying reality and its complexity. We'll do the same.

QUARTERLY ADULT COMICS MAGAZINE

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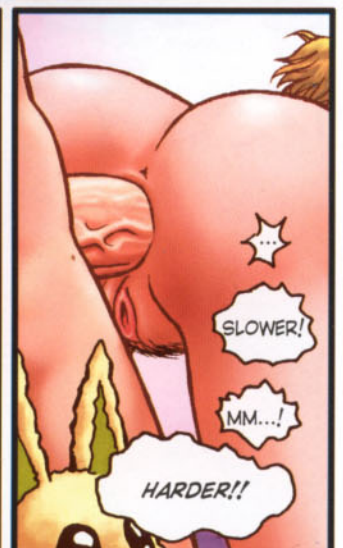
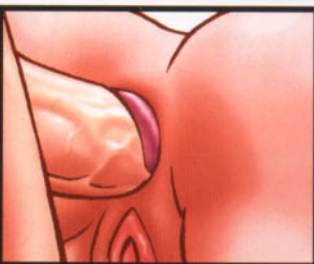
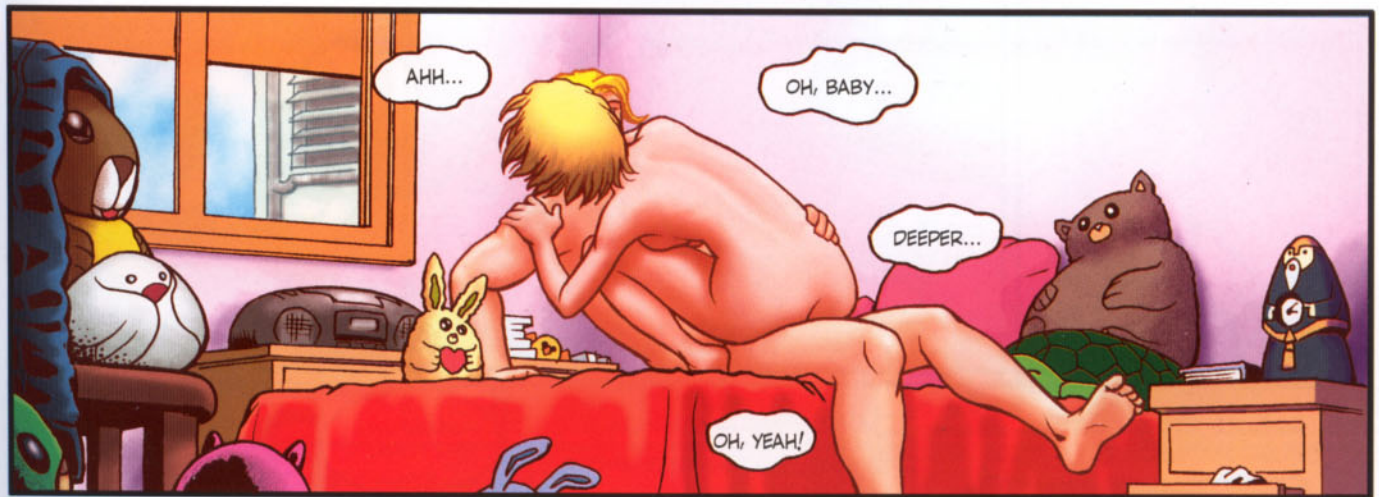
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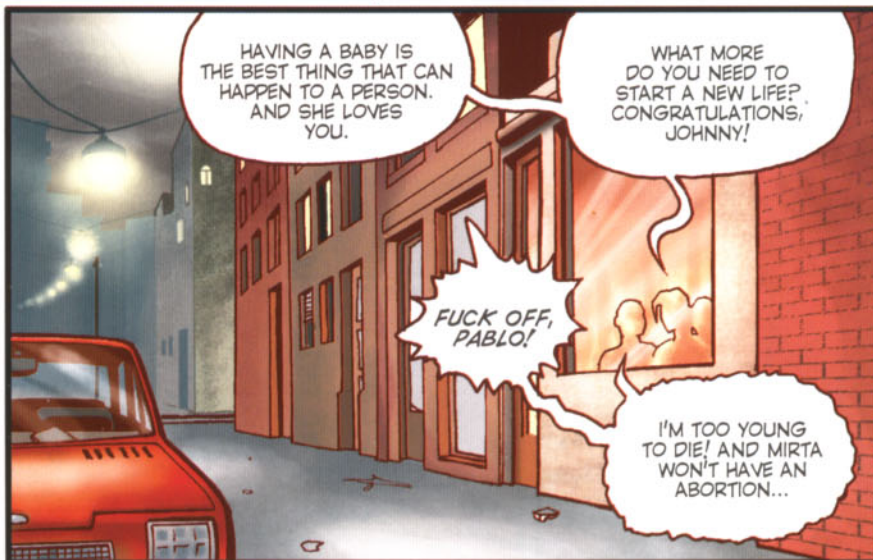
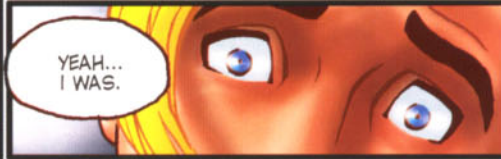
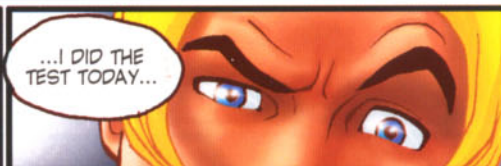
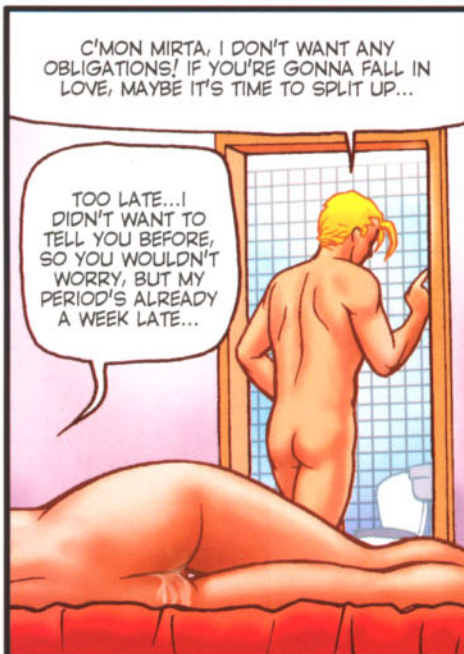
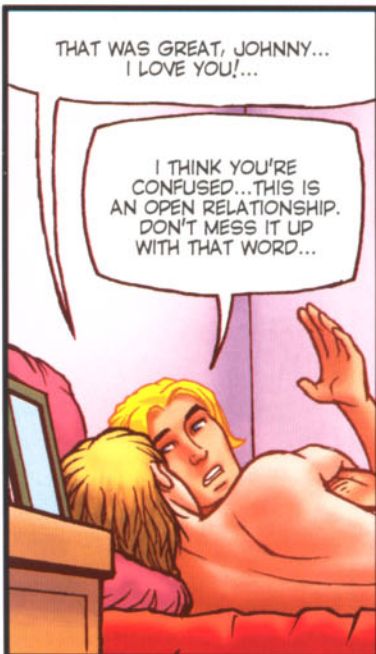
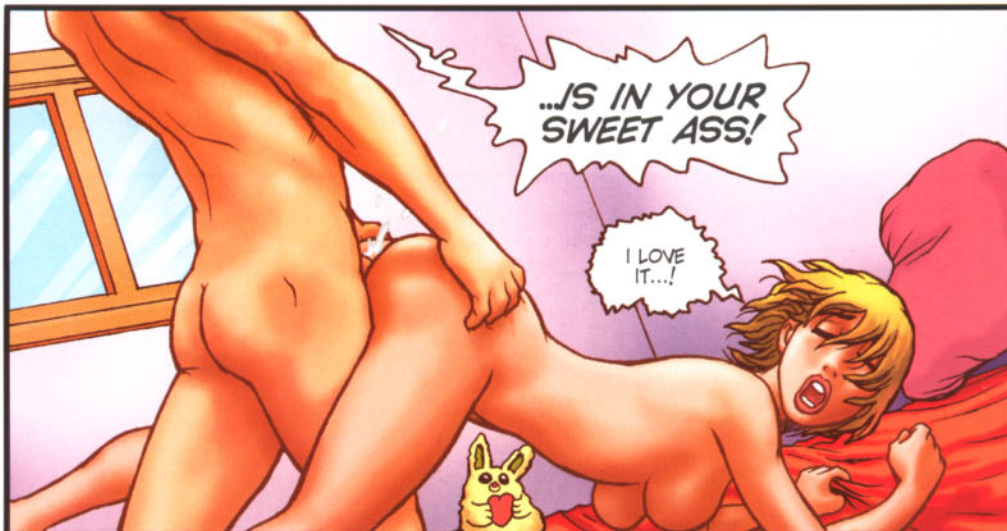
www.frenchkisscomix.com



• BUDDIES •

by Atilio Gamberdotti & Iván Guevara





ANIMAL! YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOUR SON!

NO...YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... SHE WANTS TO GET MARRIED, HAVE A FAMILY... CAN YOU IMAGINE ANYTHING WORSE? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LONER AND I'M NOT GONNA CHANGE NOW!

IT'S NOT THAT BAD. I ENVY YOU. WHERE THERE'S LOVE, MARRIAGE IS THE BEST.

NO WAY, IT'S NOT FOR ME.

HELP ME, GUYS! I'M NOT GOING TO END MY DAYS SURROUNDED BY KIDS, WATCHING MY WIFE GET FAT AND OLD...

SO WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO, SAY YOU DON'T WANT ANY PART OF IT?

I THOUGHT ABOUT THAT, BUT THERE'S ONE LITTLE DETAIL I HAVEN'T MENTIONED... MIRTA'S FATHER'S A BUTCHER...



OH! IT HURTS JUST TO THINK ABOUT IT... ANYTHING ELSE WE DON'T KNOW?

YES, SICILIAN FAMILY, LOTS OF THEM.

WELL, READY FOR THE VERDICT. SORRY TO SAY, YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE BETWEEN A DULL LIFE OR A SPECTACULAR DEATH.

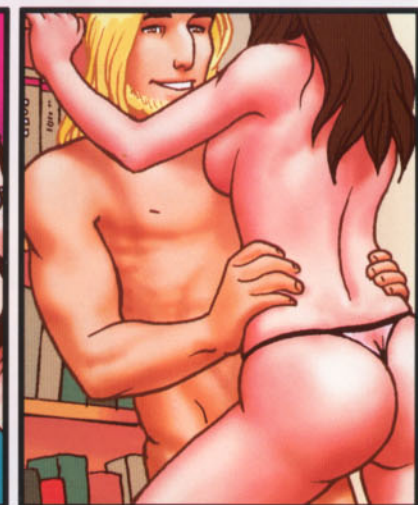
NO... ALL IS NOT LOST...I'VE THOUGHT OF A THIRD OPTION...

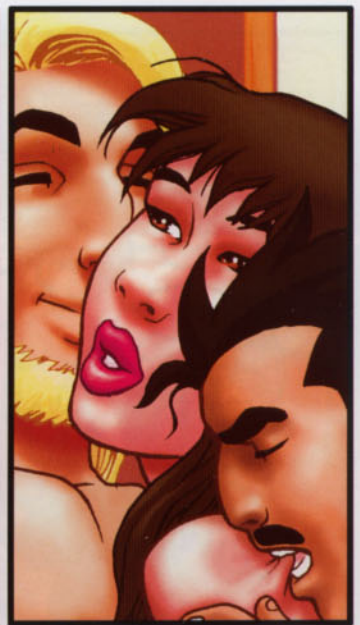
ONE WEEK LATER...

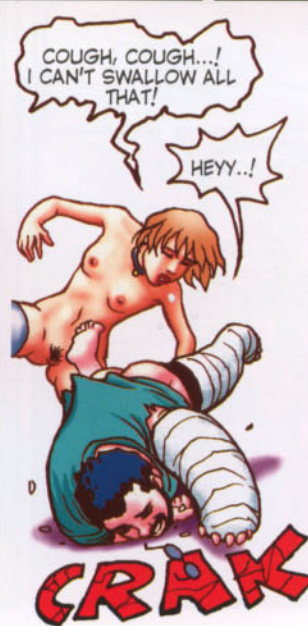
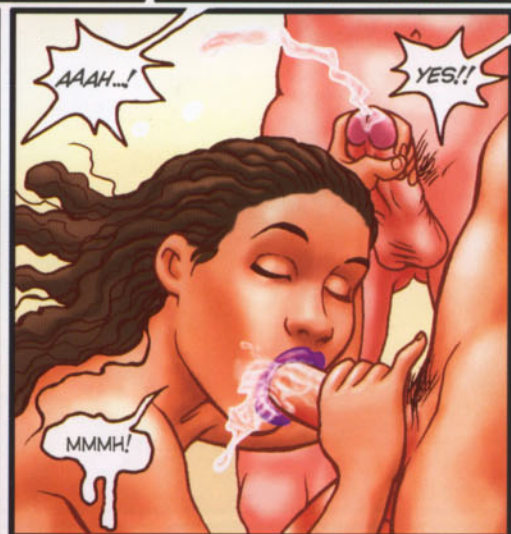
IMAGINE, LEAVING THE COUNTRY TO ESCAPE MARRIAGE...

I UNDERSTAND, DUDE...I HAD TO SPLIT MY COUNTRY TOO...

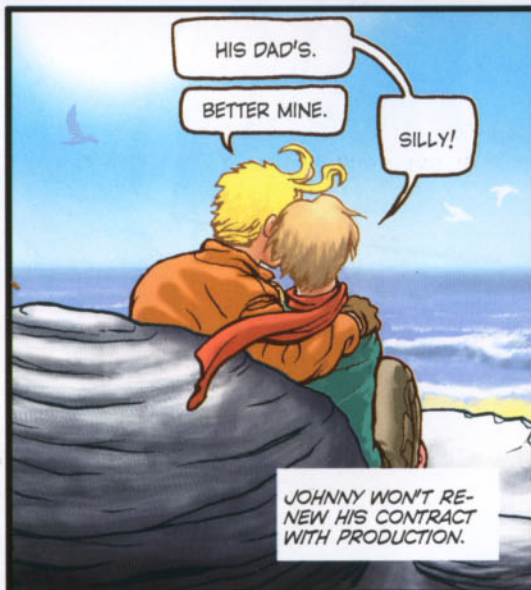
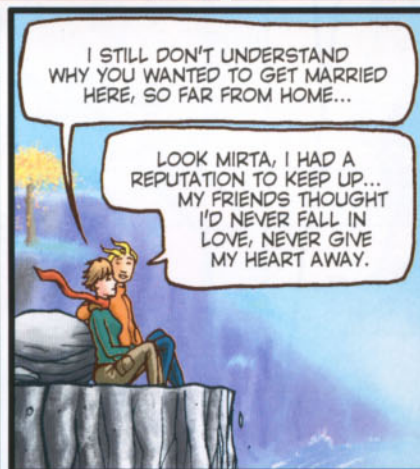
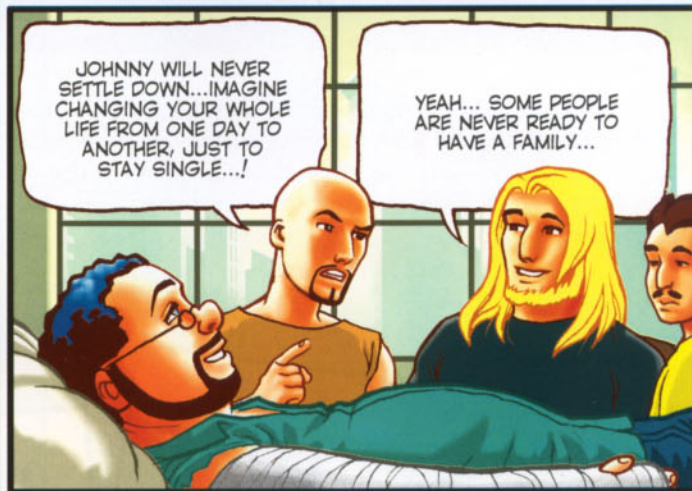
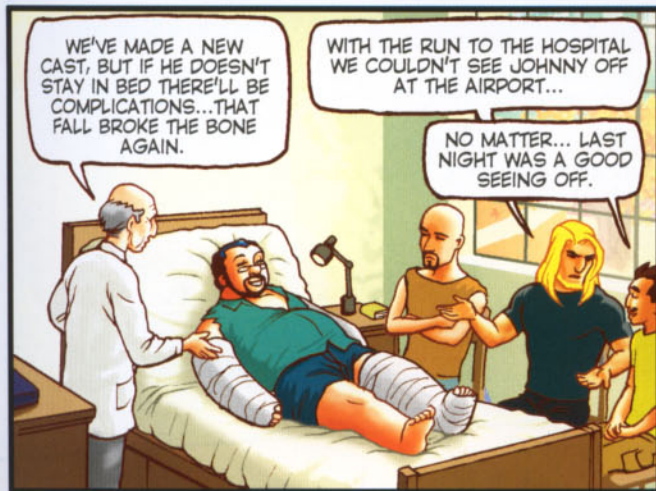
JOHNNY REALLY OVER-REACTS...







LATER...



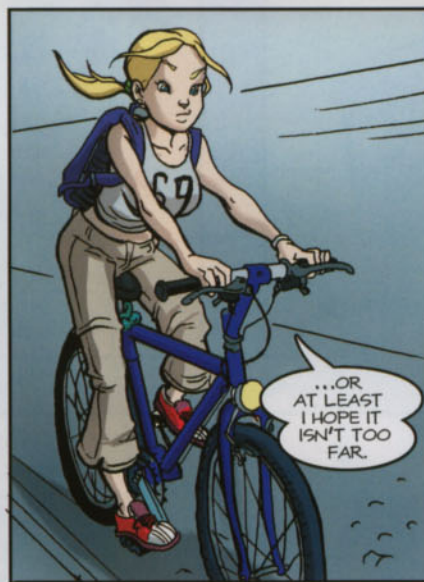
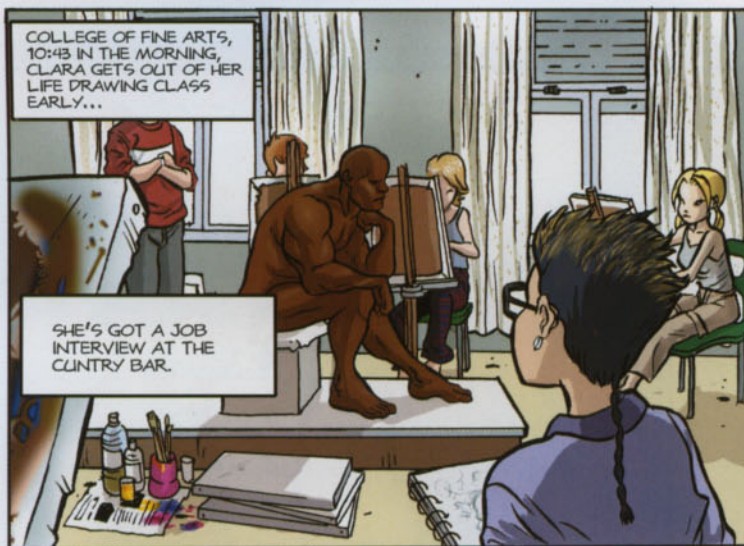
THE END

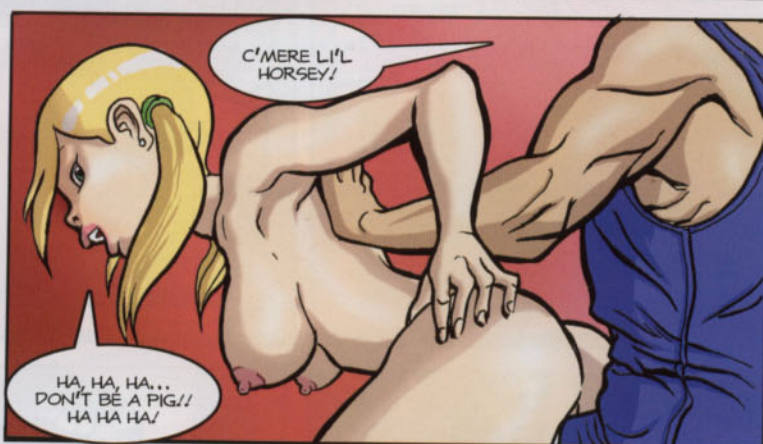
The erotic art of... Gigi Amaldi (II)

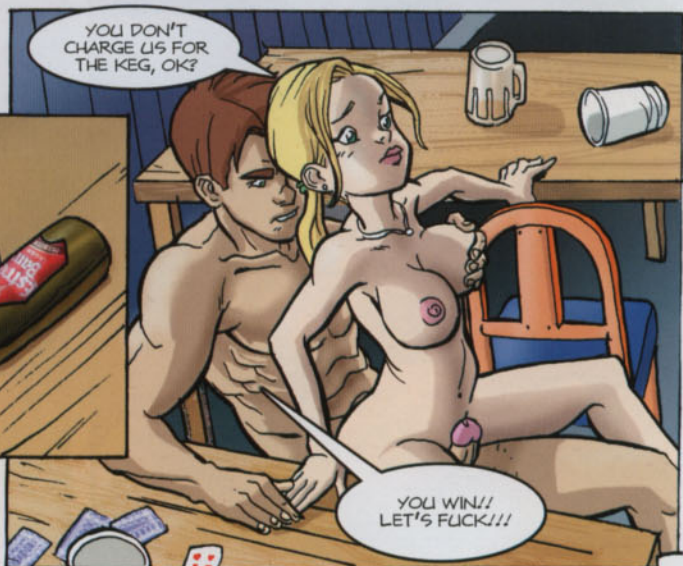
To continue with last month's efforts, we've recovered more of this great illustrator's erotic jewels for the current issue. An immigrant of Italian origin, **Amaldi** traveled over the regions of Argentina offering to depict the portraits of all those who could afford them. Of course, the illustrations of the important people in those small villages were not done merely to keep him fed. What really fascinated our artist was this collection, which he baptized *The True History of Humanity*. The title alone manifests the artist's biting sense of humor, since even then he knew that sex is one of the main motors of our civilization and all those that have gone before it. This said, in silent homage, we take off our hat once again to his masterly brush....

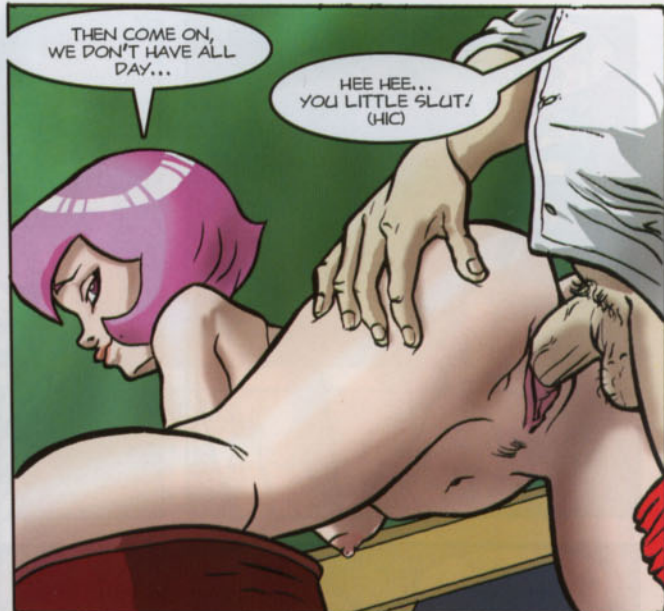














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Vol.2

MAN



EUROTICA

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MAN

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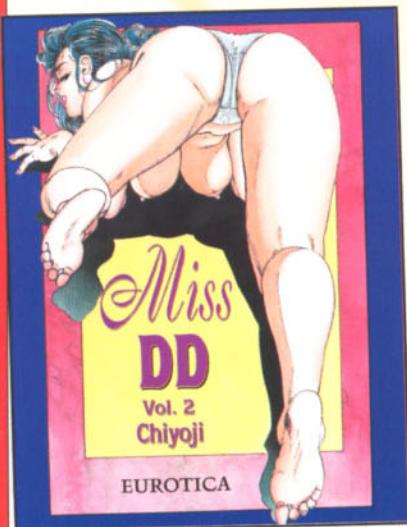
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Our big-busted beauty drives more men nuts. One sight of her and they all become sex machines! Miss DD the waitress leaves a ball of hair in a bowl of rice? The manager settles for vigorous sex after which he demands her to shave all her pubic hair for HIS rice! Spying on a hung hunk in action drives her so wild she's gotta have him till he cries uncle. And more!

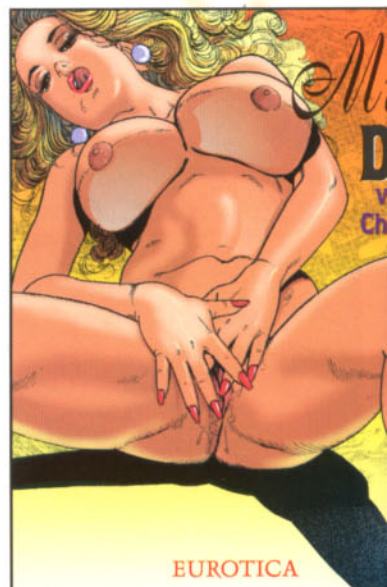
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Miss
DD
Vol. 2
Chiyoji

EUROTICA



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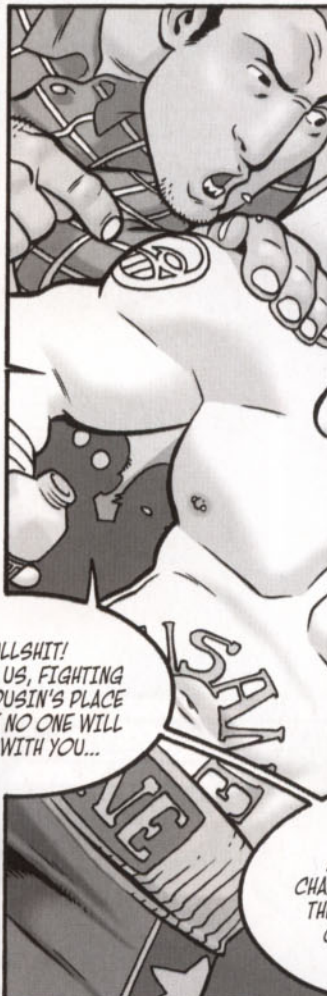
Chapter 6



I'VE TOLD YOU A MILLION TIMES, CHARLIE: LET 'EM DANCE A LITTLE, GIVE 'EM A LITTLE SMACK, BUT YOU DON'T EVER LISTEN.



BUT SAL, I'M "THE TIGER OF THE TRI-CITIES." FUCK. I'VE GOT A REPUTATION TO KEEP...



BULLSHIT! LOOK AT US, FIGHTING AT MY COUSIN'S PLACE BECAUSE NO ONE WILL FIGHT WITH YOU...



AND NOW, AFTER K.O.'ING THE CHAMPION IN 5 SECONDS, THEY WON'T EVEN LET US GET ON THE ILLEGAL CIRCUIT...



PLEASE! HELP ME!... HE'S FOLLOWING ME... HE'S GONNA KILL ME...

THE FUCK'S GOIN' ON UP THERE?



HEY APE, WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING?



PAM!



GUYS, GET OUT THE ARTILLERY AND BRING ME THE GIRL AND THAT BIG BOOB.

GENTLEMEN, I THINK WE'VE GOT A SUITABLE COMPETITOR.

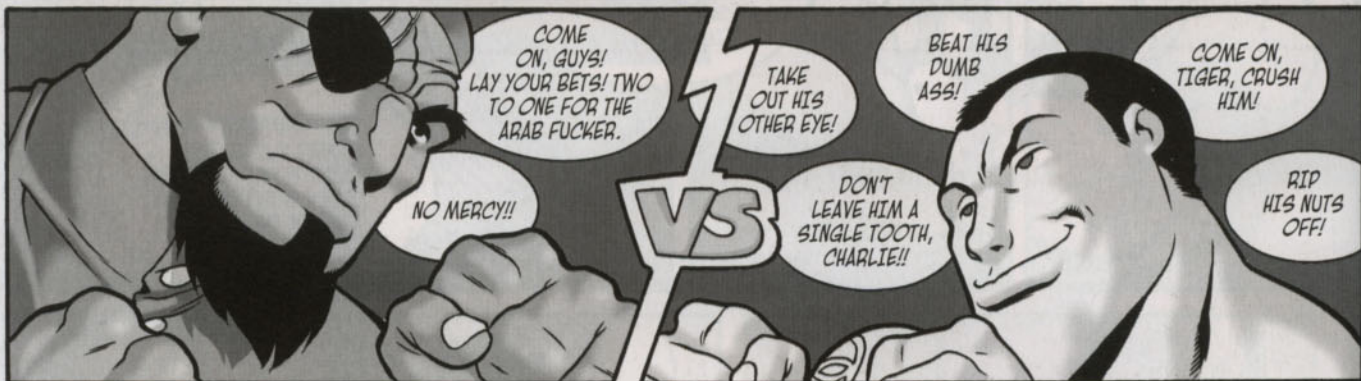
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING! THAT GIRL IS A LUNATIC! SHE INFILTRATED OUR ORGANIZATION WITH THE SOLE PURPOSE OF CREATING A WORLDWIDE CONFLICT! THAT...WHORE KILLED ALL MY BROTHERS IN COLD BLOOD...SHE SHOULD DIE, IN MEMORY OF MY FAMILY AND FOR WORLD PEACE! NO ONE WILL STOP ME!



MOTHERFUCKER, WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE COMING IN HERE LIKE THAT AND THREATENING US, TOO?

CALM DOWN, GUYS. LET'S SEE... YOU WANT THE GIRL? THEN FIGHT! IF YOU WIN, SHE'S YOURS, OK?

OK, I'LL FIGHT YOU.



COME ON, GUYS! LAY YOUR BETS! TWO TO ONE FOR THE ARAB Fucker.

NO MERCY!!

TAKE OUT HIS OTHER EYE!

BEAT HIS DUMB ASS!

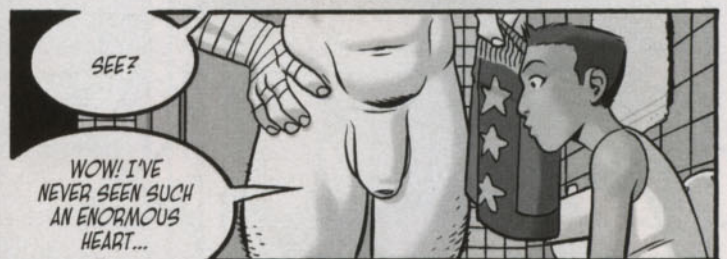
COME ON, TIGER, CRUSH HIM!

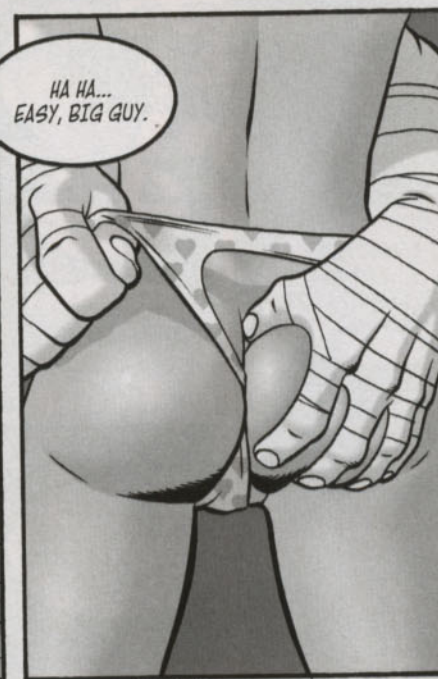
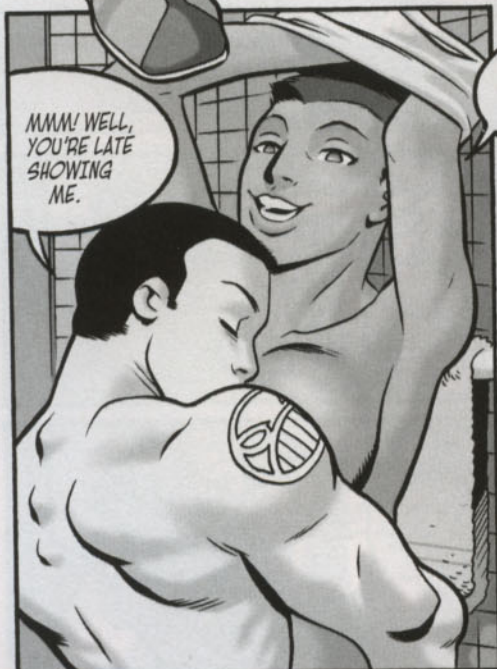
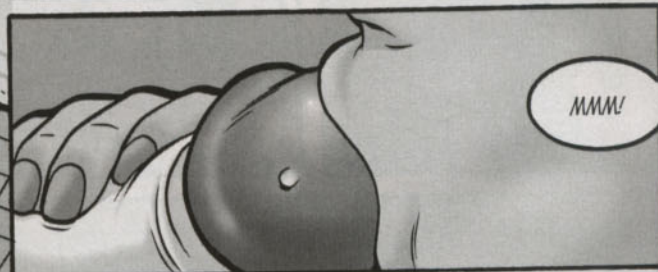
DON'T LEAVE HIM A SINGLE TOOTH, CHARLIE!!

RIP HIS NUTS OFF!



FIGHT!







HEY, DON'T
HOLD BACK, JOIN
THE PARTY.



DON'T GOTTA
TELL ME
TWICE.

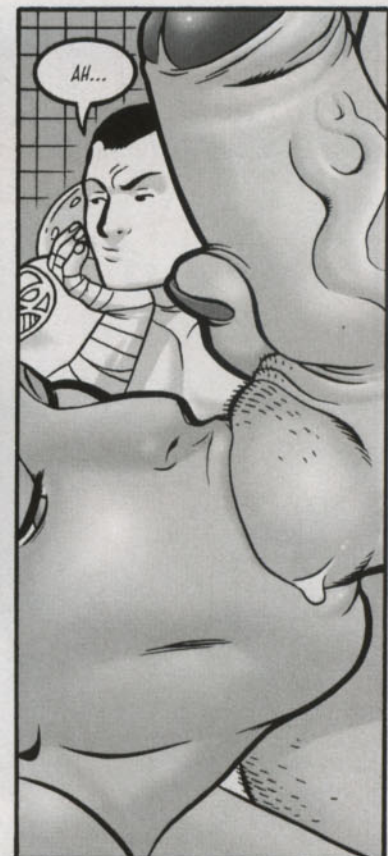
BUT...



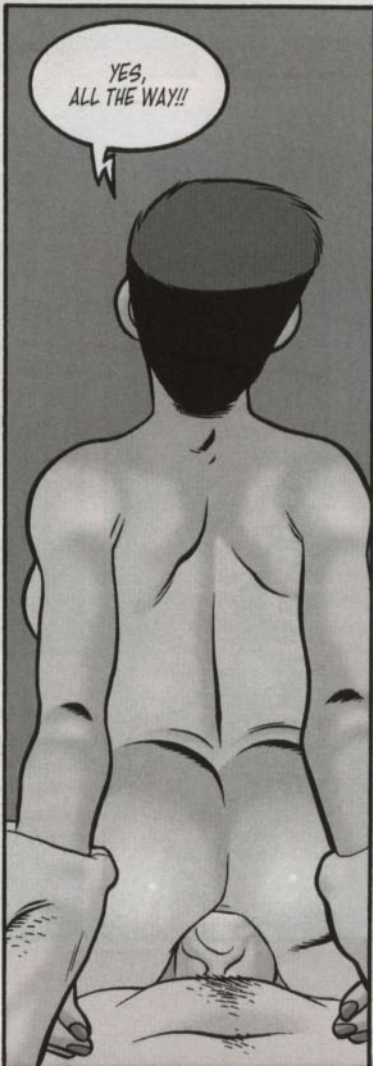
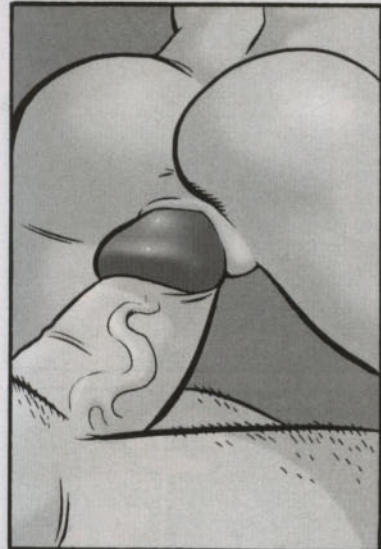
GIRL, I THOUGHT
THAT YOU AND ME...
WELL... I DUNNO...
THIS IS A LITTLE
WEIRD TO ME...
AND...



SHUT UP, CHARLIE,
SOMETIMES YOU'RE A
DUMBASS! IF YOU WANNA
JOIN IN, THEN FINE. IF
NOT, THEN SHUT UP AND
LEAVE US ALONE.



AH...



YES,
ALL THE WAY!!



OH!!

YESS!!

DON'T
STTTOPP!!
OHHH...

OH!!!



AGGGH!!

YOU'RE
GONNA BREAK
ME!!



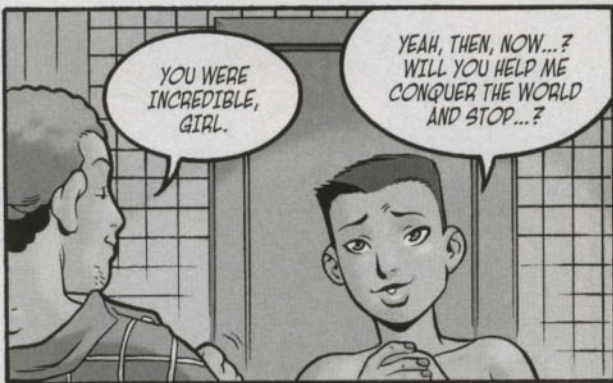
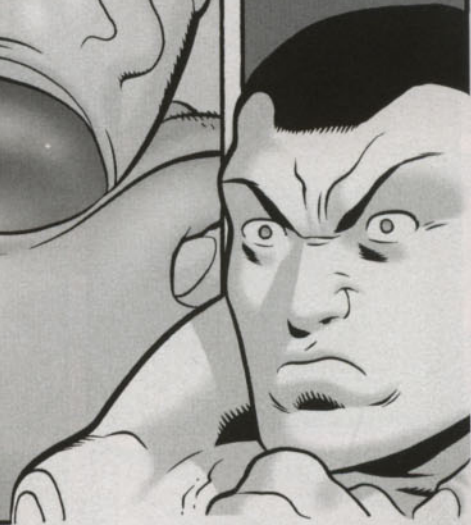
...NOOO...

DON'T STOP!!
RIP ME UP,
ASSHOLE!!

AGGH!!
YES! YES!

OH!!!

COME IN
MY MOUTH...



YOU WERE
INCREDIBLE,
GIRL.

YEAH, THEN, NOW...?
WILL YOU HELP ME
CONQUER THE WORLD
AND STOP...?

DON'T TALK THAT
WAY TO MY GIRL!!



OH, HONEY...
I KNEW I COULD
COUNT ON YOUR
FEELINGS.



WHAT?

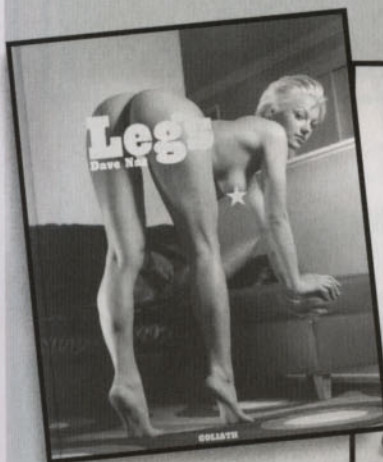
WHAT? YOU MANIPULATIVE SLUT! THAT
ARAB GUY WAS RIGHT, YOU ARE A CRAZY
MURDERER!! YOU GONNA BEAT
AND CUNT, I'M
YOUR ASS
THEN....!!



SORRY,
BABY. I SAID I
KNEW I COULD
COUNT ON YOUR
FEELINGS...

Under the counter

by Ruben Lardin



SPLAY-LEGGED

Nina Hartley, matriarch in the adult cinema constellation and possessed of sinewy, awe-inspiring legs, has written the prologue of a photography book by Dave Naz that gathers his work for *Leg Show*, *Leg World*, *Barely Legal*, *Tight* and *Finally Legal*, magazines mostly dedicated to worshipping the feminine inferior extremities as an amplification of foot fetishism. Those familiar with these titles can imagine the tone of Naz's photographs, which play to the erotic mainstream and always stay within the boundaries of American taste. *Legs* is an interesting selection of mostly regular-looking women. Ugly, less ugly, and a few knockouts. Naz doesn't aspire to authority heights and sticks to his style, which includes a retro look to his compositions, department-store lingerie, kitschy notes, a touch of flashiness, a flash of textures and studio-like lights. And he doesn't do it badly. There's also a good section of fashion shots in stockings and panties, featuring stockinged legs round and tight, slim threads of fragile bodies and vertical streaks propping up monumental ass cheeks. *Legs* is an uneven, not very notable book that truly needed more eclectic and unique casting, at least in the sense of an abstraction closer to its peculiarities. Anonymous portraits should bring a sparkle to your eyes as much as the star appearances of Belladonna (on the cover), Tera Patrick and Julie Strain. At any rate, it's a decent book for people who dig mainstream erotica.

LEGS


Dave Naz
Goliath Books
In well-stocked bookstores or at www.goliathbooks.com

IN & OUT

If we went around naked all the time, we'd see being dressed as the opposite of what we do now. Dressing up nude stars is one of the purposes of *XXX 30 Porn-Star Portraits*, a luxurious book that would please any pornophiliac with its selection of thirty or so porn stars from yesterday and today. Although in reality, its surefire success will come from the fact that its nudes leave nothing to be desired. The game is as simple and works perfectly well. The author is Timothy Greenfield-Sanders, a gentleman distinguished for his portraits of important figures from the world of politics and international culture. Here, he immortalizes Jenna Jameson dressed and Jenna Jameson nude, as he does Briana Banks, Christy Canyon, Nina Hartley, Janine, Ron Jeremy, Peter North, Sharon Mitchell, Ginger Lynn, Belladonna, Sean Michaels, etc, etc. But the book's got another, not minor, lure that complements the photos intensely. I'm talking about fifteen brief essays written by the likes of Lou Reed, Salman Rushdie, John Waters, John Malkovich and Gore Vidal. The idea is to talk about global pornification, about the social perception of porn and its integration in the arts and the media after years of ill repute. And it works. *XXX* is as much a book as it is a product, and as such it's perfect and intelligent.

XXX 30 PORN-STAR PORTRAITS

Timothy Greenfield-Sanders
Bulfinch Press
On the web (www.bulfinchpress.com) and in smarter bookstores.




OH! OH! OOOH...
THAT FEELS GOOD!

YES! IN THE
MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT...
WHILE EVERYONE'S
SLEEPING...

COLLEGE


FERNANDO ELIZABEN



MMMM...

OH YEAH! MMM...

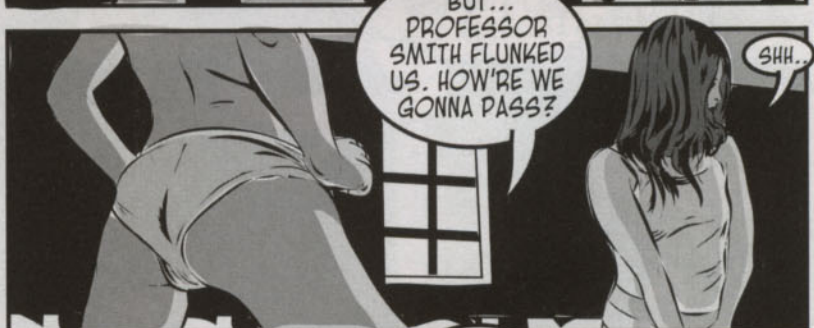
AH... AH... AH...



OOOOHHHHH!



CELIA!!





FOLLOW
ME, YOU WON'T
REGRET IT.

YOU THINK WE
CAN DO SOMETHING
TO...?

QUIET!

THEY'LL SEND
ME BACK TO MY
PARENTS...

SHUT UP! LOOK
THROUGH HERE....

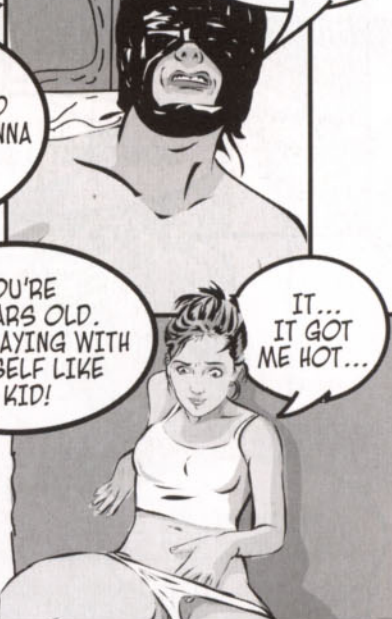
MY FATHER
PUSHED ME TO GO
TO A RELIGIOUS
SCHOOL...

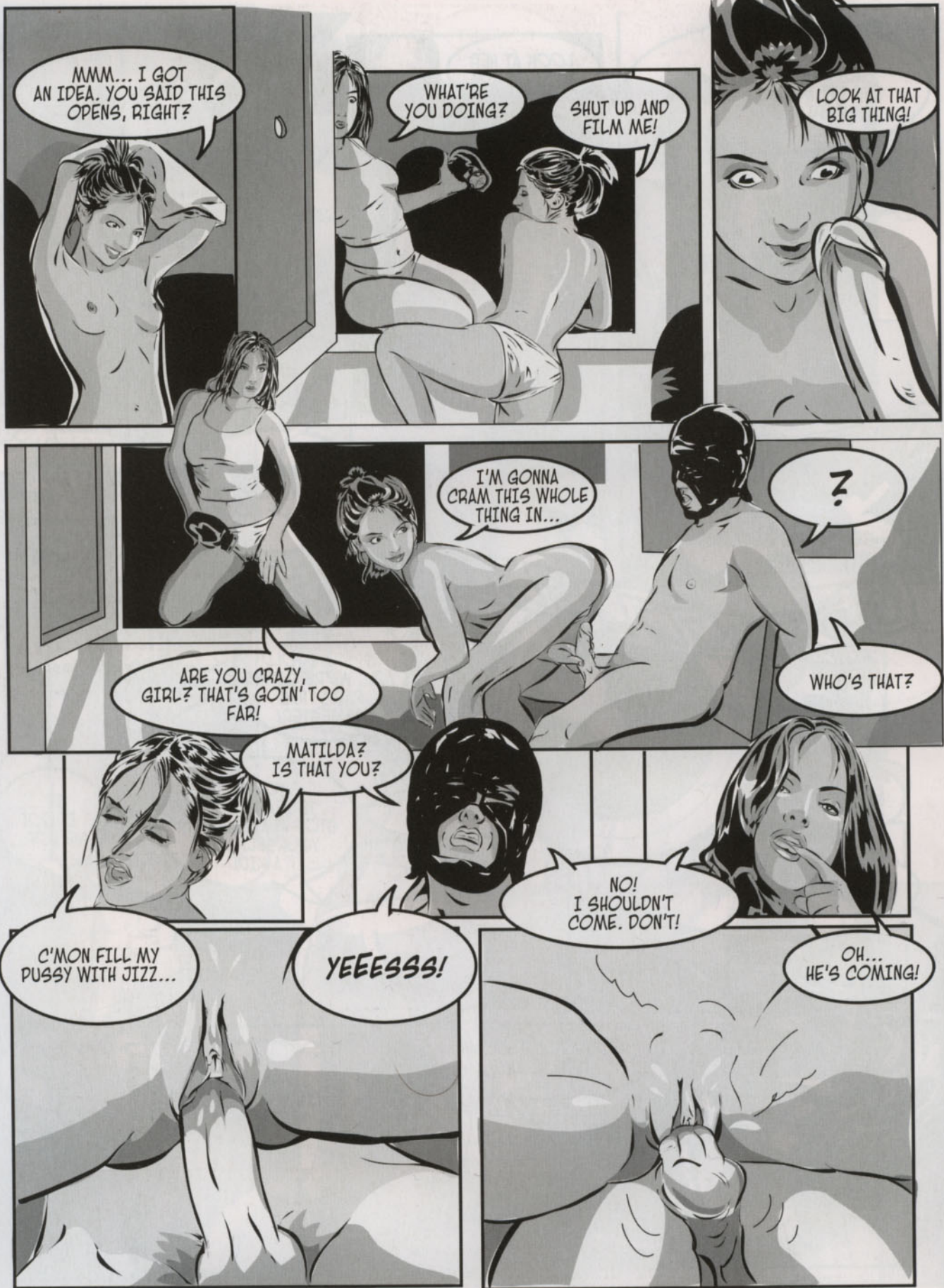
C'MON!

WHAT IS IT...?

DON'T
LEAN, IT'LL OPEN!

LET'S SEE...





MMM... I GOT AN IDEA. YOU SAID THIS OPENS, RIGHT?

WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

SHUT UP AND FILM ME!

LOOK AT THAT BIG THING!

I'M GONNA CRAM THIS WHOLE THING IN...

?

ARE YOU CRAZY, GIRL? THAT'S GOIN' TOO FAR!

WHO'S THAT?

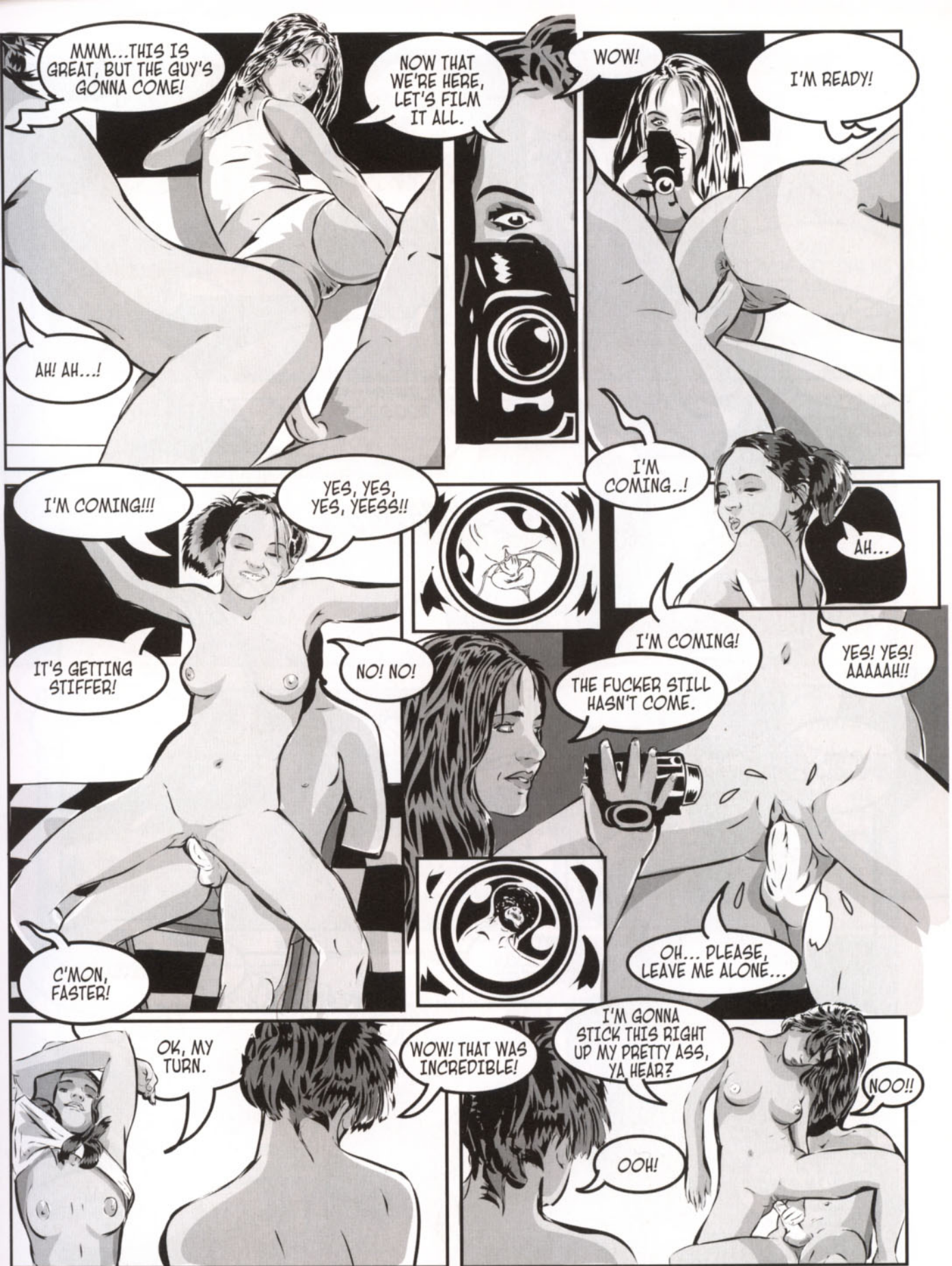
MATILDA? IS THAT YOU?

NO! I SHOULDN'T COME. DON'T!

C'MON FILL MY PUSSY WITH JIZZ....

YEEESSS!

OH... HE'S COMING!



MMM...THIS IS GREAT, BUT THE GUY'S GONNA COME!

NOW THAT WE'RE HERE, LET'S FILM IT ALL.

WOW!

I'M READY!

AH! AH...!

I'M COMING!!!

YES, YES, YES, YEESS!!

I'M COMING..!

AH...

IT'S GETTING STIFFER!

NO! NO!

I'M COMING!

THE FUCKER STILL HASN'T COME.

YES! YES! AAAAAH!!

C'MON, FASTER!

OH... PLEASE, LEAVE ME ALONE...

OK, MY TURN.

WOW! THAT WAS INCREDIBLE!

I'M GONNA STICK THIS RIGHT UP MY PRETTY ASS, YA HEAR?

OOH!

NOO!!

INSIDE!
YES!

NOOO!!!

OHhh! IT'S SO WET
AND SLIPPERY...TO THE
ROOOOOT!

DAAMN...

PLEASE, STOP...
I'M COMING!!

...WELL, LOOK
AT THAT!

THEN COME,
YOU FUCKER!!

MMM...
I'M READY...!

WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS TO
ME?!

YOU'LL
SEE, YA FUCKIN'
PERVERT!

I'M
COOOMING!!!
AAAAHHH!!!

LOOK! FINALLY!

flof! flof!

HE FILLED
YOUR ASS WITH
JIZZ...!



AREN'T YOU SWEET
WITH YOUR CHEEKS
SPREAD WIDE!

GREAT SHOT!



...AND
LOOK AT THIS
ONE. HE'S SUCKING
THAT THING SHE STUCK
IN HIS ASS!

SHHH,
YOU'RE GETTING ME
HOT AGAIN...



WE HAVE
LOTS MORE PHOTOS
BESIDES THE ONES
WE SENT.

LOOK
HOW WET YOUR
PUSSY IS.



LOOK AT THE
FACE ON SMITH.

HA, HA, HA!

HIS EXPRESSION
SAYS IT ALL!



WHAT A SIGHT!

HEE
HEE!



MY DAD'S GONNA
BE SO HAPPY!

YEAH! WITH
THESE PHOTOS WE'LL
PASS FOR SURE.

HMM...

THE END

Pleasures of the Mail

by Walter Pacifico

The editors called and asked if I had the mail section ready because they had a page saved for me. I didn't need to look up the Word document where I've been pasting your letters to know what the answer was. "Not this month, either?" No. What do you want me to do if it looks like the drought's not gonna end? "But stuff's coming in, right? The staff is totally on edge." In drips and drops, yeah, slowly. I've been stashing it in a file, hoping to gather up the necessary amount of text to complete my page. I've felt totally like a poor kid, saving and saving for a bike, but my day has finally come. At last!

FROM: Thana
SUBJECT: Pleasures of the Mail (to Walter)
Hello Walter,
I just received *French Kiss #6* and it made my day. Lately, with war, a bad economy and the other anxieties of life, nothing cheers me up like a good comic book. I've been busy lately, but the first thing I read was *Pleasures of the Mail*. Now, you complain that you don't get enough e-mail. I think if you made it a monthly comic, you might get a lot. After I read **Jerry Lalonde's** letter, I'd like to give you my thoughts about what should and should not be in *French Kiss*, sort of an informal survey.

First, everything I've seen so far in *French Kiss* is excellent, so don't change a thing. Now, what I don't want to see:

1. Incest: I don't care if it's brother and sister, mother and son, father and daughter.
2. Domestic violence: Wife beating, father beating, things like that. If it follows the story line it may be okay, but if you have any control on the type of story, try not to have that stuff in the magazine.
3. Sex with animals: Like cats and dogs and stuff. I don't want to see that, but with monsters like Bigfoot, vampires, etc., it's okay.
4. Old men and underage girls or boys is a big no-no. Please, don't put these stories in.
5. Rape: If the girl says no and he still goes for it forcefully, that's rape. It's hard to draw a line on this subject, because sometimes characters only fantasize about it or it may be just role-playing or an S&M thing, so I leave it to your staff's judgement. Gay and lesbian stuff doesn't bother me at all. They are people and they have a right to enjoy sex and relationships as much everyone else. Transvestites, she-males, etc. are okay. I will let you know when it's not okay (and I bet other readers will too). I also like the idea of *French Kiss* devoting

a couple pages for readers to send in their drawings and even their short stories. I bet more than 70% of *French Kiss* readers can draw a good picture or two. You might have to set a theme so readers can send you four-page stories of a pretty girl with two guys, or one guy with two girls, and you sort out the best one to print. I just renewed my subscription this year, so I will not miss an issue. I hope you'll turn monthly soon.

Sex is one of those rare, genuine pleasures we have in this complicated life full of ads, artifice, fakes and prefabricated products. That's how we see it and that's why we can't help but favor artists who create involved, fun stories with a touch of drama as well. We'll leave the little trips into the darkest aspects of sex to those who want to dig into them. Fantasies are personal territory and everyone's totally free to have his own, because there's nothing more sacred than the authority each person has over his own psyche. What I want to say is that if you don't see the themes you want portrayed in our magazine, it's only because it isn't the territory we'd like to explore. If darkness is your thing, great, but we like the light, and what's more light-filled than a good screw? Go for it, then. As for other things, thanks for the vote of confidence that your subscription means. We won't let you down or lead you astray, although I'm afraid that for the time being, we're still going to publish every three months.

FROM: Matthew
SUBJECT: I'm here! Look at me!
Hey guys!

I love your magazine. You guys are totally different from other magazines of the same genre, and I'm really pleased about that. I mean, I have friends who think that erotic comics are a second-rate product or something like that. Truth is, if you look at the stuff around here, they're kind of right. Thanks for giving me an edge in this argument with *French Kiss Comix*. I got on board a little late, but I promise I won't miss another issue from now on. I'm guessing you'll have to publish a letter as nice as this one. Maybe it'll be the first one in the mail section? Please? Have a good one!

Sorry, Matt, but the magic words to be the first letter in the section were "The first thing I read is *Pleasures of the Mail*." Thanks for writing in, and of course, a million thanks for your kind words from all of us who've jumped on the ship for this adventure.

FROM: Barney
SUBJECT: Rock band
Hello,

I stumbled onto your site thinking it was the rock group **Kiss**, but had to say the artwork looks great. Do you like Kiss?

Indeed, we like to rock and roll all night and party all day. Do we need to say more? Big hugs from our own Rock City, although in this case we aren't talking about Detroit.

FROM: Buzz Love
SUBJECT: Belore

Hello,
I love *French Kiss Comix*. I'm glad that you finally chose to publish an English version of your excellent Spanish mag. I really like Belore's art and comics that you publish. Have you done an interview with Belore? Or are you planning to interview him?

Thank you very much!

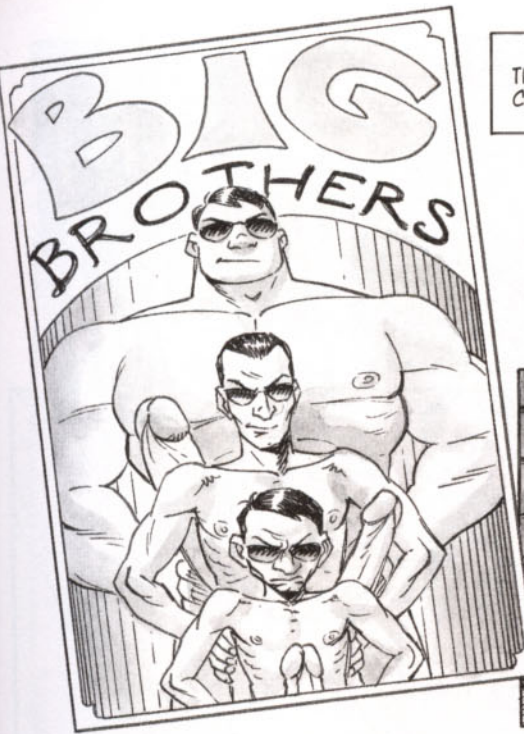
Just a while ago we started interviewing our most outstanding authors. That's the idea. There's no doubt that Belore is one of our most popular artists, and we're dying to hear about his inspirations, what's influenced him and to learn about his techniques. While we make some space for him, have a look at our interview this month with Ferocius. He's another artist who knows how to do his own thing.

FROM: Long John
SUBJECT: To Susi

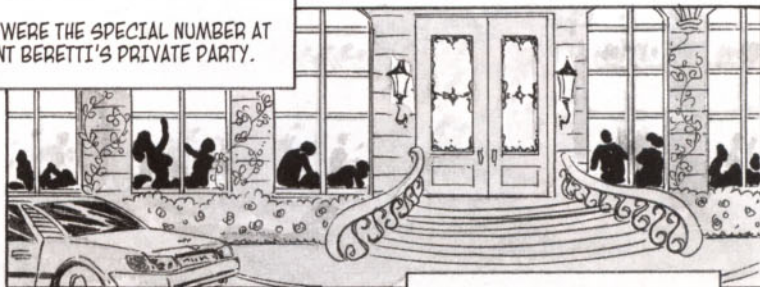
Hey Susi,
I'd love it if you'd interview **Salieri**, the most amazing director ever in porn movies. Another person you should talk to is **Max Hardcore**, who isn't exactly a genius with the camera, but who's really great all the same. That's all. Hugs & Kisses!

I admit I've kept this letter for months so that its printing here would coincide with what Susi's been working on and so that I could say that your wishes are our commands. How's that for a nifty trick? How do you like that? Wanna let me know?

So then, there's more pleasures in store in the next issue. We've always got space for you in the mag, so fill up my mailbox. That's a two-way thing, you know, and the second part is totally up to you, so you know what you have to do! Big hugs! Hopefully we'll see each other again soon!



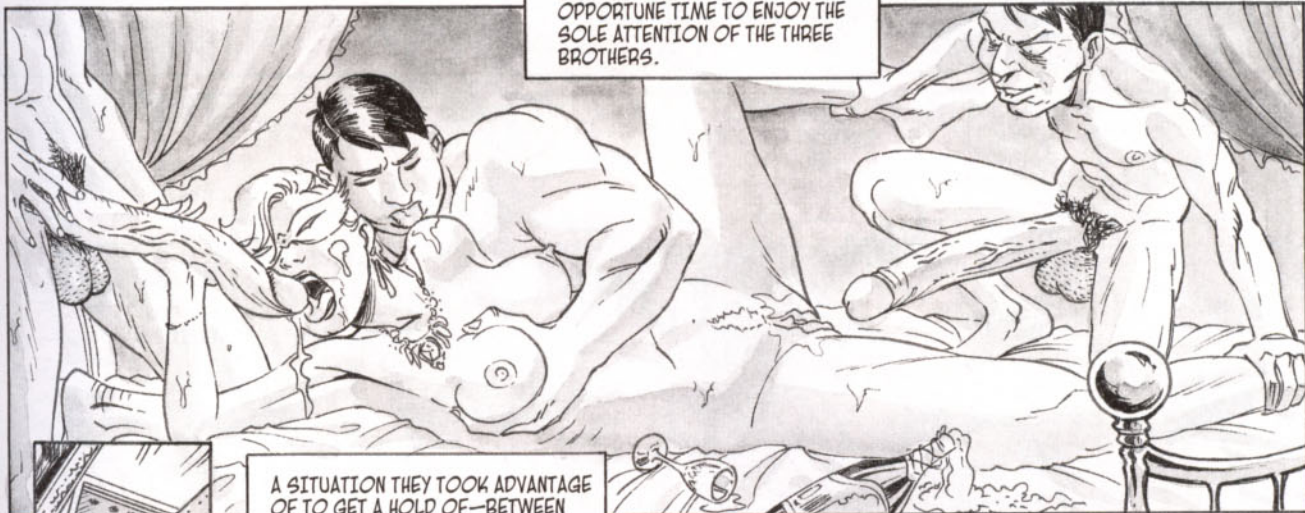
THEY WERE THE SPECIAL NUMBER AT
COUNT BERETTI'S PRIVATE PARTY.



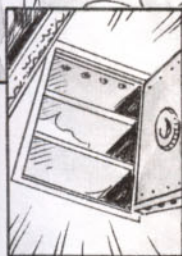
THE ALCOHOL AND DRUGS
FLOWED AS FREELY AS THE
WILDNESS AND LUST. AN
UNFORGETTABLE NIGHT.



BUT THE HOSTESS FOUND IT AN
OPPORTUNE TIME TO ENJOY THE
SOLE ATTENTION OF THE THREE
BROTHERS.



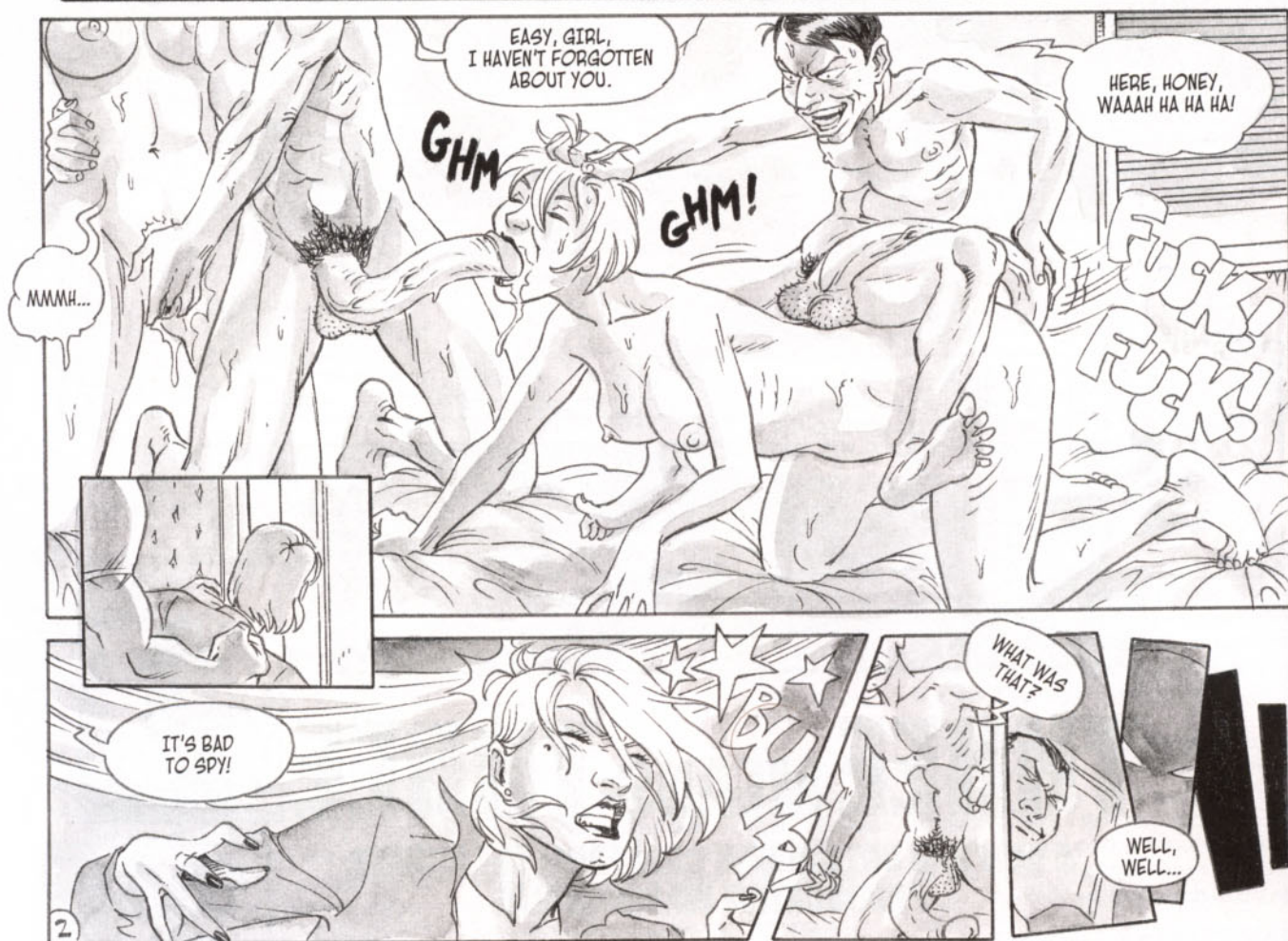
A SITUATION THEY TOOK ADVANTAGE
OF TO GET A HOLD OF—BETWEEN
ONE ORGASM AND ANOTHER—THE
COMBINATION TO THE WALL SAFE.

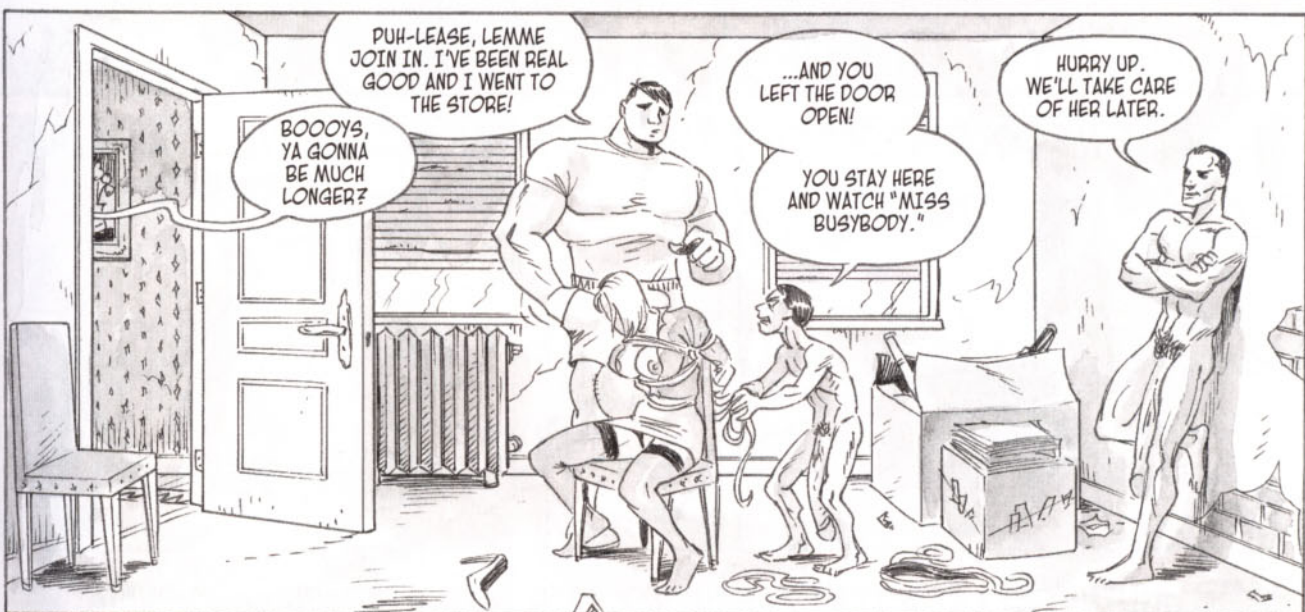


THREE MEANS THREE

A NEW AND OUTLANDISH CASE FROM THE ALWAYS
PROVOCATIVE WANDA WOLFE

AND HERE'S WHERE I
COME IN, TO SORT
OUT THE INJUSTICE...





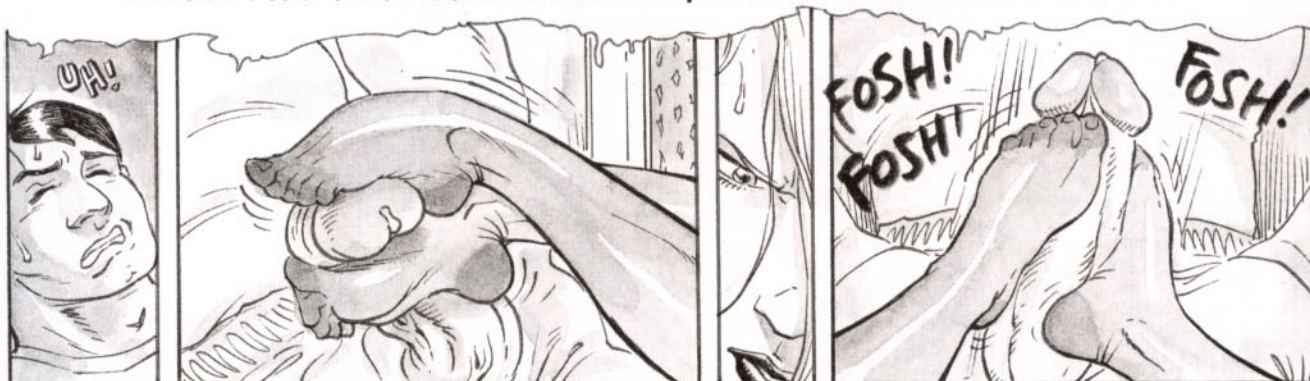
AAAAH! DON'T STOP, DON'T STOP! OOOH! FASTER! UH! UH! UH! TEAR MY PUSSY UP!



NNH! GIVE ME YOUR WHOLE FIST...! SLOOP! YEAH, ALL THE WAY...HA, HA, HA!

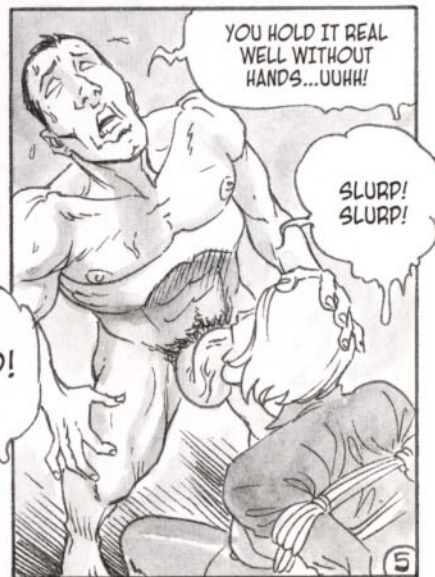
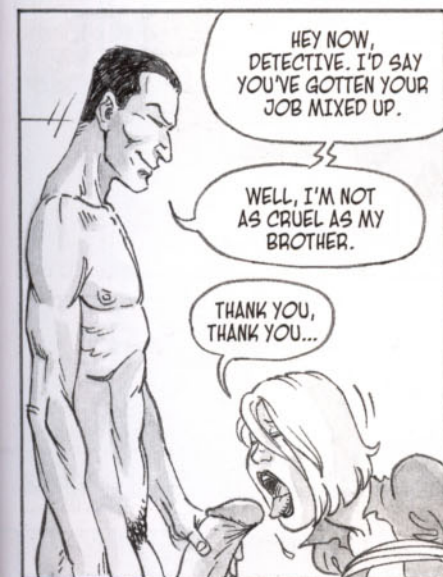
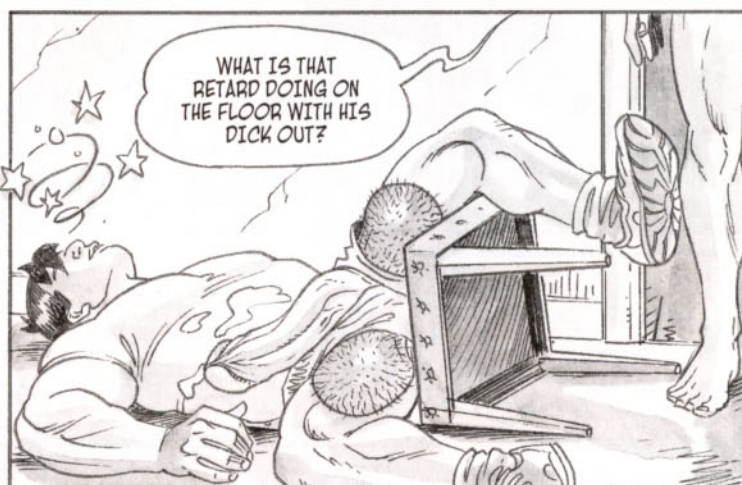
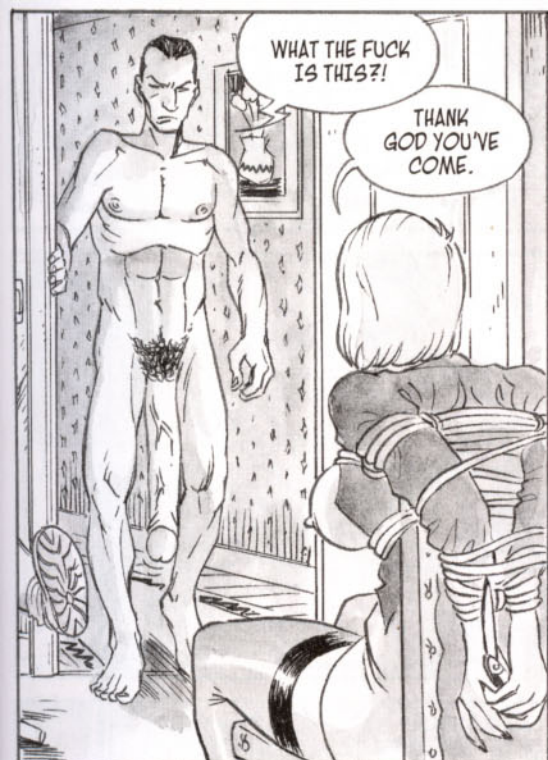
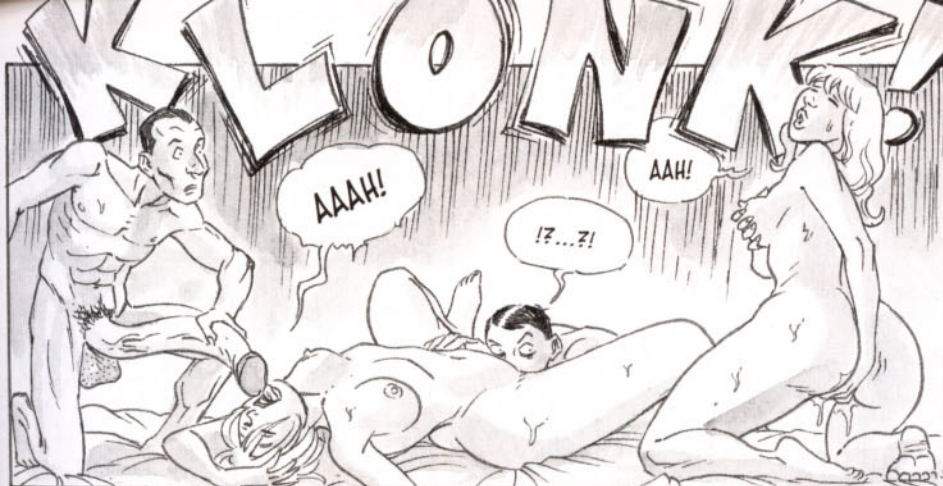


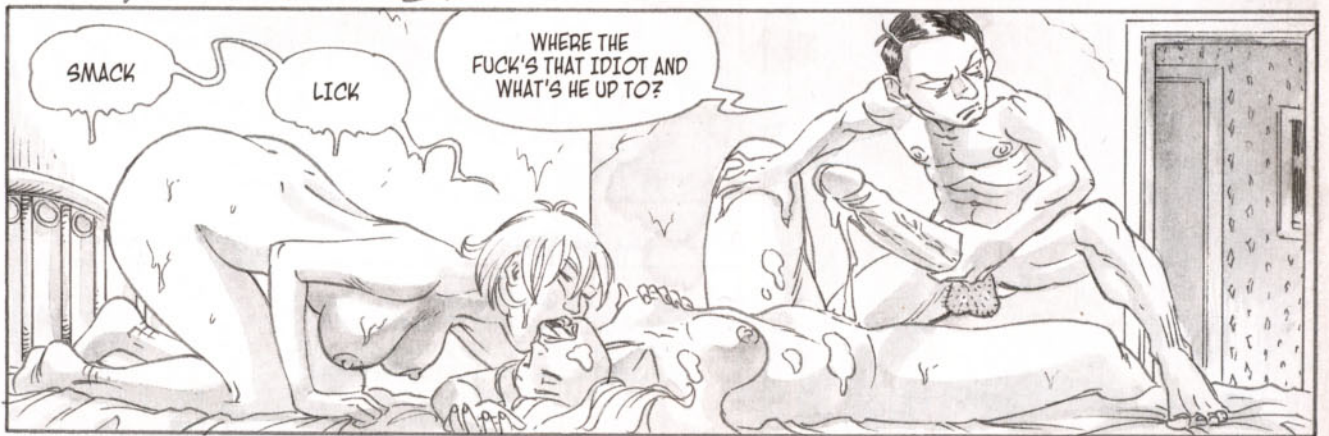
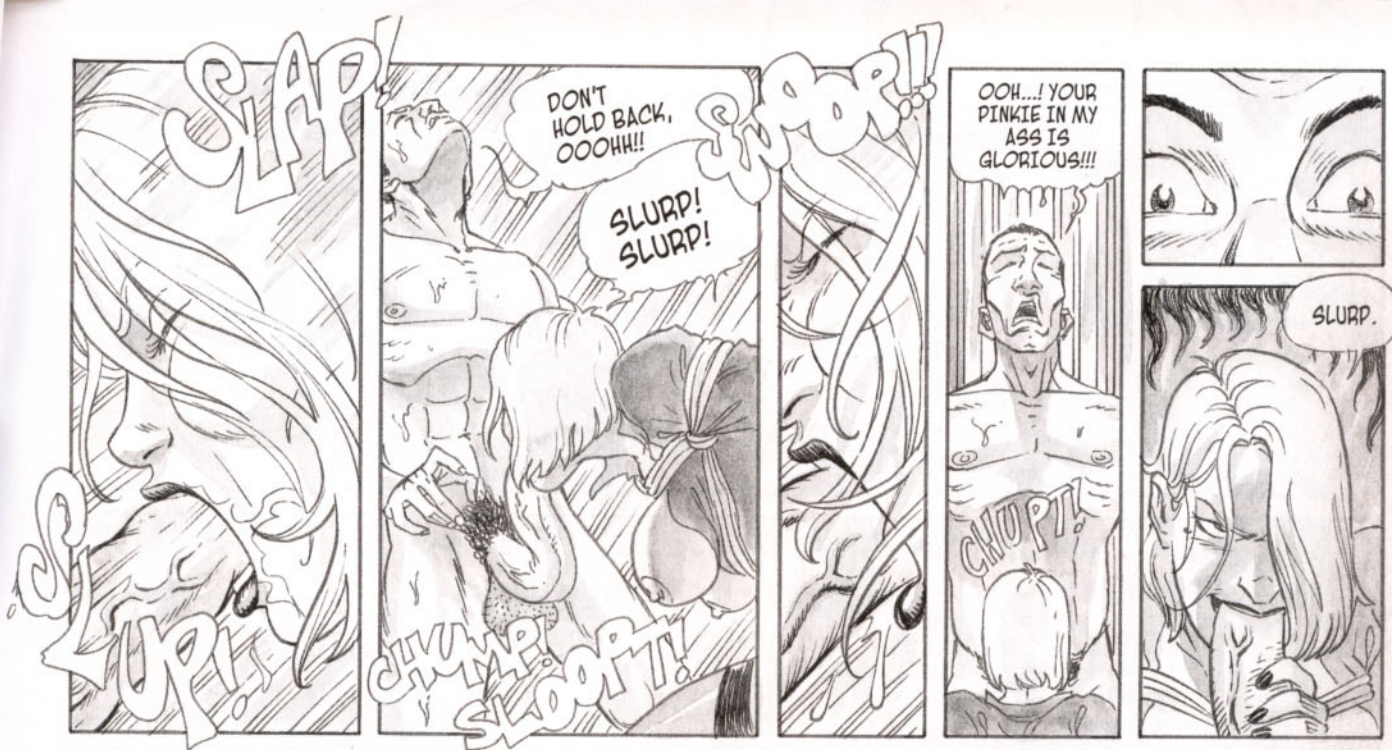
UUUIH! TWO AT A TIME?! NNH! NO, IT'S TOO MUUUCH...OOOHH!!



OOOHH! AAAAHHH!! YOU WANT IT! OOOHHHHOH!







HA, HA! YOU'VE TAUGHT
THOSE UNDESIRABLES
A GOOD LESSON.

THEY HAD IT
COMING.

COME ON,
JOIN THE PARTY,
RELAX, HAVE
FUN...

AAAH!

OOH! OH!



IT WAS THE MOST
INTERESTING NIGHT...

WITH SEX...



...MORE SEX...

...A LUCRATIVE EARLY-
MORNING CARD GAME...

...AND SOME NEW
FRIENDS AMONG THE
GUESTS...



THE END

The (Voyeur) Spirit of Montesquieu

Ten years ago, four armed men held up a branch of the National Parisian Bank in Marseille. Fifteen million francs in old bills of 100, 200 and 500; money to burn. Weeks later, early in the morning, in a quarry close to Martigues, they bought heroin from a couple of dealers and the money wound up in a safe in a mansion on the Riviera. And there, in the darkness of that safe, a magical event occurred. The figure of Charles-Louis de Secondat, Baron of La Brède and Montesquieu (1689-1755), illustrated on those 200-franc bills, came alive and, more than two hundred and fifty years after his death, his mind began having thoughts.

That same night, after receiving a call, the dealers removed part of the money from the safe. A wiry hand took several wads of bills, stashed inside of which was the spirit of Montesquieu, and put them in a garbage bag and then into the trunk of a black sedan.

The Baron, who in former times had traveled throughout Europe with the idea of observing other cultures, was delighted to return to his old passion, albeit in such an unusual manner. Nonetheless, he was somewhat disappointed with the trip. The destination was the house of a judge, very close to the National Parisian Bank office where he had been robbed, or rather, given the circumstances, kidnapped. The dealer boss and the man with the sinewy hand holding the garbage bag entered the house. The judge had them go into his office, where he talked about a delicate issue: the trial of the boss's brother would take place the next week. The boss, after thanking the judge for the generosity with which he would supposedly deliver the sentence, motioned to the man with the sinewy hands to put the garbage bag on the judge's desk.

Later, he said goodbye to the judge, telling him to not forget to send his regards to his wife and daughter, who at that moment were on vacation in Corsica.

That night and the three following nights, the Baron didn't sleep a wink, even though he was in the darkness of a new safe. He reflected on his theories and concluded that his book, *The Spirit of the Law* was totally worthless. This fact generated in his enlightened and liberal mind a thousand doubts that made him question all his previous work. After elaborating a new thesis and right when he was ready to redo his book, the hand of the judge reached into the safe, opened the envelope and took the stack containing the bill with Montesquieu's spirit. Minutes later, the baron was on top of a nightstand, under the lights of some candles, next to a huge

bed. From there he saw the judge, completely erect, caressing a woman's round ass and sucking her full titties. Then she took his cock, gave it a few little slaps with her hand, and rubbed it against her pussy for a while. The judge motioned for the woman to lay on her stomach, then he moved his mouth towards her asshole, sniffing, kissing and licking it for several minutes. The Baron, handleless and dickless and therefore unable to masturbate, was limited to just observing, which after all, was truly his thing. From the nightstand, he stared at the different scenes. Now the judge was on his knees between the woman's legs. She fondled his balls and cock, while he slipped a finger and his tongue into her open pussy with its hard clit. Next, the woman lifted her legs, separated her lips with both hands and gave him a top-notch money shot of her shaved pussy. The judge wanted to fuck her right then and there (and the Baron too, of course) but the woman told him not yet, to wait a little bit, because there was something else he would surely like. Slurp, slurp, mumble. And she sat up, took the judge's cock in her mouth, taking in as much as she could. She licked the head and the shaft, gently and methodically with a regular rhythm. Then she got down to nibbling his balls and putting a thumb in his ass. The judge let out a broken moan, propped the woman on her knees with her ass in the air, slapped them hard and slammed his cock balls-deep into her red gash. Her pussy gripped the judge's cock, and he pushed himself tighter against her ass, slapping his gut against her, grabbing her tits and tweaking her nipples. The judge and the woman howled with each slap (the baron just breathed, although he wanted to yell: "Yes, yes...no...no...more...more..."). After a final, violent charge at her, the judge pulled out and came on her ass cheeks. Drops of sperm splashed on the Baron's face and in his eyes.

The judge and the woman collapsed onto the bed. The woman lifted a cigarette to her mouth, took the stack of bills with both hands, as if it were a deck of cards and counted the bills one by one. The Baron listened to the judge's snoring, stretched out on the enormous bed. The woman took the bill with the Baron's spirit from the stack, stretched her right arm toward the flame of one of the candles, and with great delicacy, set it afire to light her cigarette. The Baron, before returning to ashes one more time, realized that he hadn't gotten it right when he asserted in one of his works that: "Fortune doesn't rule the world." That night he himself had terrible luck.

Nerea

By: Brito & Val





HEY CHINAMAN,
WHY DON'T YOU DROP
IT? LET'S SEE IF YOU BLOW
UP YOUR REVOLUTIONARY
FINGERS AND WE HAVE
TO TAKE YOU TO
THE HOSPITAL!



YOU
MIDDLE CLASS KIDS
ARE ALL THE SAME, YOU
NEVER TAKE THE
PEOPLE'S WARNINGS
SERIOUSLY...



BUT THAT'S
ABOUT TO CHANGE
VERY SOON...



WHAT THE...?!

LONG LIVE THE
REVOLUTION!



COUGH!



COUGH!

COUGH!

COUGH!

TO VICTORY...

...ALWAYS!



DAMN
FOOL!

COUGH!
COUGH!

THAT'S
WHAT I CALL
A SERIOUS
POLITICAL
SLOGAN.

CHINA
DOES
EXCELLENCE!
A QUE SI!
ON VERRA!
(la china n'existe)



WHERE'RE THE
GUYS?

COFF
COFF!

I DUNNO.
I'M NOT EVEN
SURE IF THEY
WERE HERE THE
LAST FIVE
MINUTES...



HEY, I'M
WORRIED. THEY
WEREN'T TAKEN
AS HOSTAGES OR
ANYTHING?

KIDNAPPING?
BY THOSE TWO
GEISHAS? DON'T
MAKE ME LAUGH.
I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE THEY PUT
TOGETHER THEIR
GRAFFO-GRENADE
WITHOUT
SPELLING
MISTAKES.



AS YOU
WISH...

DOESN'T
MATTER. WE
HAVE TO FIND
THEM.



FOR WHAT THERE IS TO DO...

OOH!

SLURP!

AAAAH!



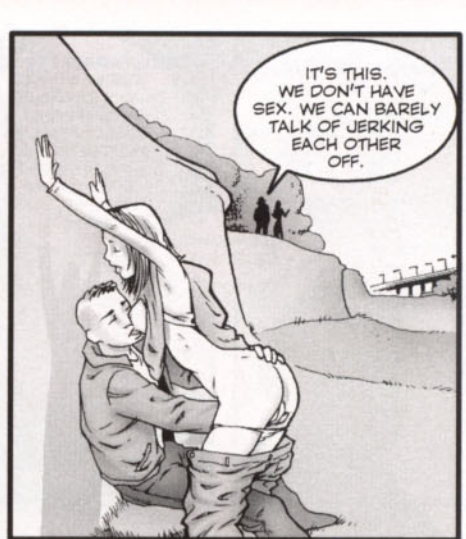
I MEAN, THAT IDIOT RICKY MUST BE ABOUT 25. HOW MUCH LONGER WILL HE LIVE? 20, 25 MORE YEARS...

SO?

NOT THE LEAST.

THE SAD SACK'LL DIE WITHOUT EATING A PUSSY. ANYWAY, I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION...

YOU THINK HE HAS ANY CHANCE OF LOSING HIS VIRGINITY?



IT'S THIS. WE DON'T HAVE SEX. WE CAN BARELY TALK OF JERKING EACH OTHER OFF.



WITH SO MANY LUBRICANTS, WITH SO MANY AROMATIC ESSENCES, WE'VE LOST ALL SMELL, ALL TOUCH...

WE'VE EVEN LOST OUR TASTE...



THAT SOUR MIX OF SWEAT AND FLUIDS...



HEY, DON'T GET NASTY, I JUST ATE.

I DON'T GET IT. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?



THAT'S WHERE I'M GOIN'. IN TRYING TO HAVE ALL THESE SENSORY THINGS, WE'VE TAKEN EVERYTHING AWAY FROM SEX, ALL THAT WAS NATURAL ABOUT IT. FROM THE WOOLING TO THE WORK. WE'VE REMOVED "THE GROSS STUFF" AND WE'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT.

WELL, THAT THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS REAL CONTACT ANYMORE. THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING IN BETWEEN.



YOU'RE EXAGGERATING.



YOU THINK? LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING: HAVE YOU HAD SEX WITHOUT INCLUDING ANY KIND OF ARTIFICE?

WELL...

MNO...

NO!

HAVE YOU EVER HAD SEX WITHOUT CONDOMS, WITHOUT THE PILL, WITHOUT AN IUD?

HAVE YOU EVER HOOKED UP WITHOUT USING THE INTERNET TO ESTABLISH CONTACT, TO GET A HEALTH CARD?

WELL, THEN, FACE IT:

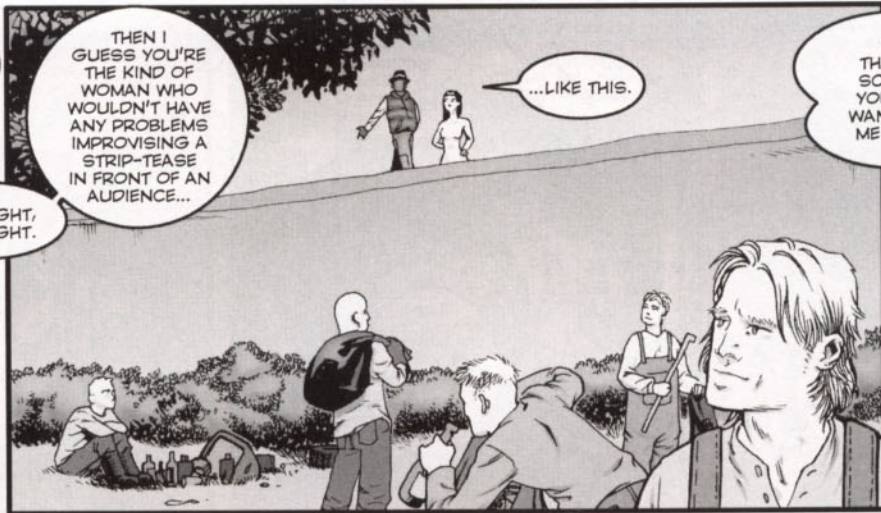


YOU'RE LIKE EVERYONE ELSE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT SPONTANEITY, SENSUALITY OR DARING ARE.

AND YOU'RE AS FAR FROM SEX AS A 20TH CENTURY NUN!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.

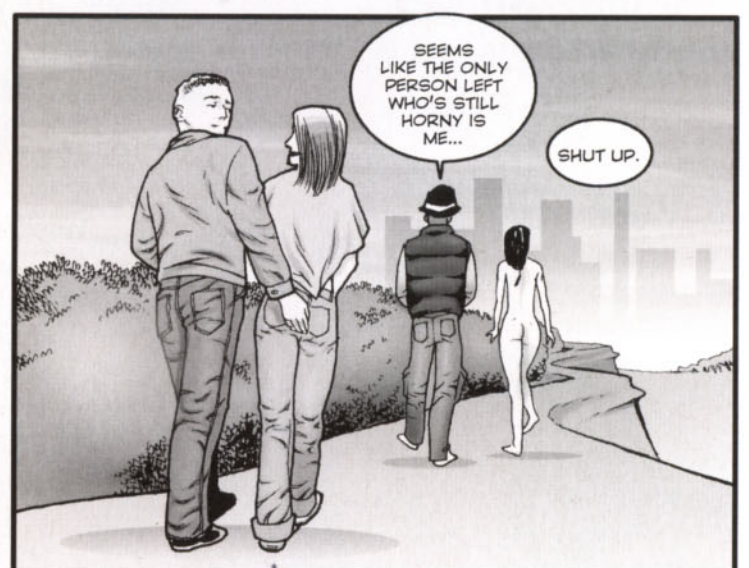
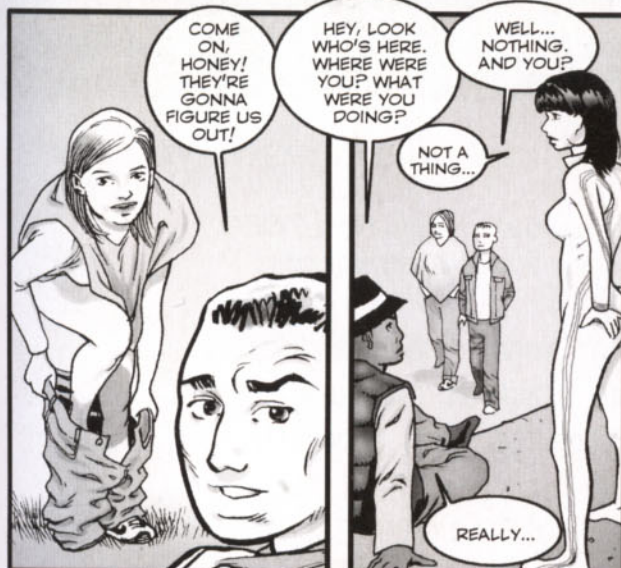
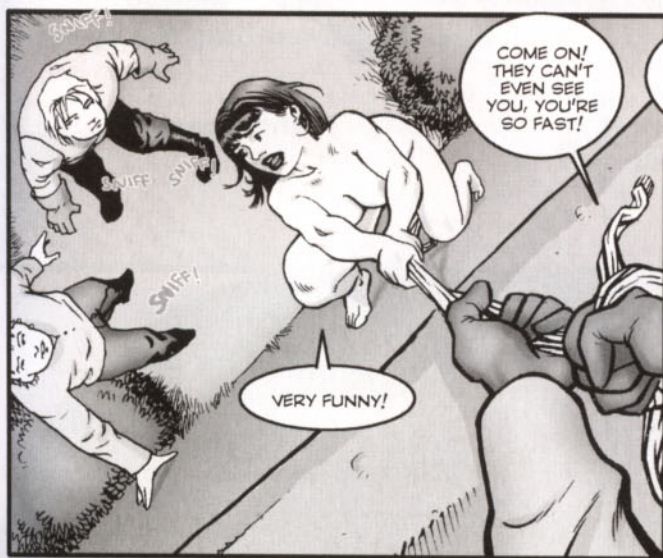
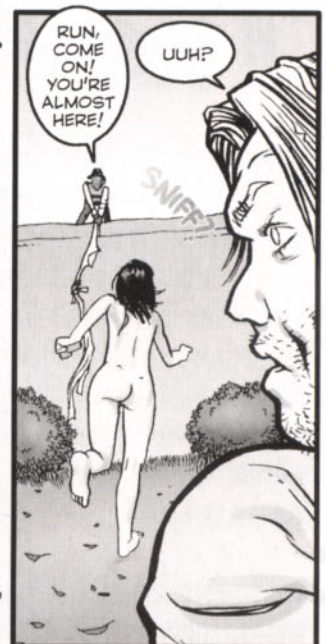


YOU THINK I'M SCARED? YOU JUST WANNA SEE ME NAKED







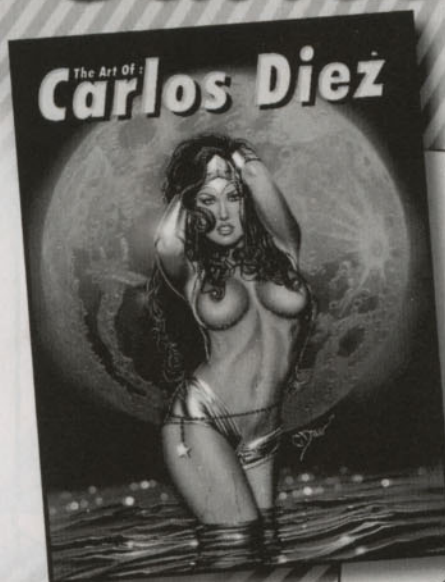


The Art of Carlos Diez

Collected for the first time in one super-heated gallery of erotica, the paintings of Carlos Diez amaze and enthrall! One of Europe's most imaginative pin-up artists, Diez takes his love of the female form and conjures up images of pure desire and very naughty fun! His women glow with raw sexuality, and if some of Carlos' models look a little familiar, well that's just his artistic license to thrill!

Brilliantly printed in full color on super-heavy weight coated stock, *The Art of Carlos Diez* is a **MUST** for anyone serious about keeping their library of fantasy and erotic artwork up to date! 104 pages, \$24.95.

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Rain-bow

by Ferocius

Clarence Rain's porno comic is a huge success. The magazine AAH! is publishing the young author's comics and he feels great because his fans are really into him (and he's into them, literally).

The interviews set up by his aunt, an expert in marketing, and the photos of him in sexy poses have turned him into the female public's favorite illustrator. Finally he feels he's somebody... although the actual illustrator is his uncle, JIM BOW. This creates a problem when his fans assault him at a book fair in San Diego, begging for a signed drawing. So now he'll have to learn to draw. Not everything is fame and fortune in the life of a porno comic creator.....



THE SECOND DAY...



THE FOURTH DAY...



THE SEVENTH DAY



MEANWHILE, THANKS TO HARD-SELL PUBLICITY AND RITA'S PHOTOS, RAIN IS BECOMING A SEX SYMBOL.

NOW, THE READERS ARE NOT ONLY MEN. AT FIRST SOME GIRLS BOUGHT THE MAGAZINE ON THE SLY.



BUT WHEN THEY WERE ALL ALONE...



OTHERS READ THEIR BROTHER'S, BOYFRIEND'S OR CO-WORKER'S COPIES.

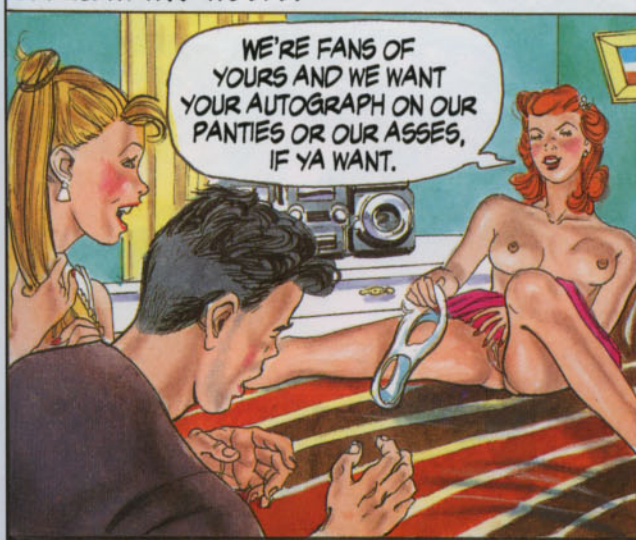


TO PROVIDE COVER WITH AN OFFICIAL ADDRESS AND GET SOME PRIVACY, RAIN RENTS A STUDIO APARTMENT.

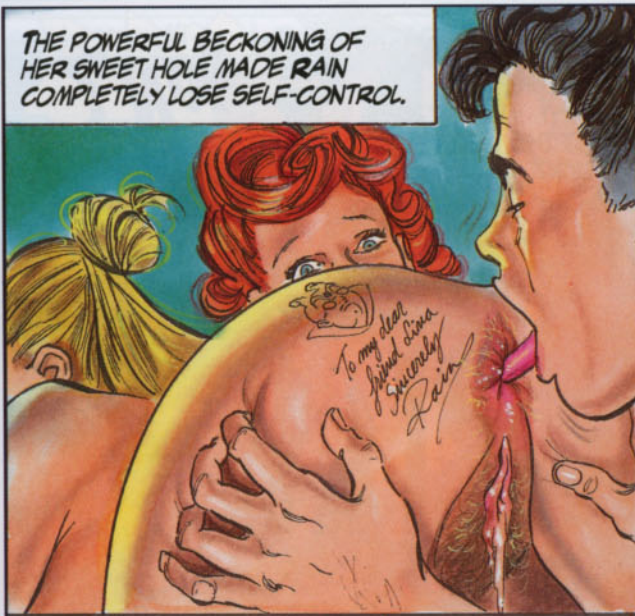


BIZARRE PROPOSITIONS LIKE THIS WERE BECOMING FREQUENT IN RAIN'S LIFE.

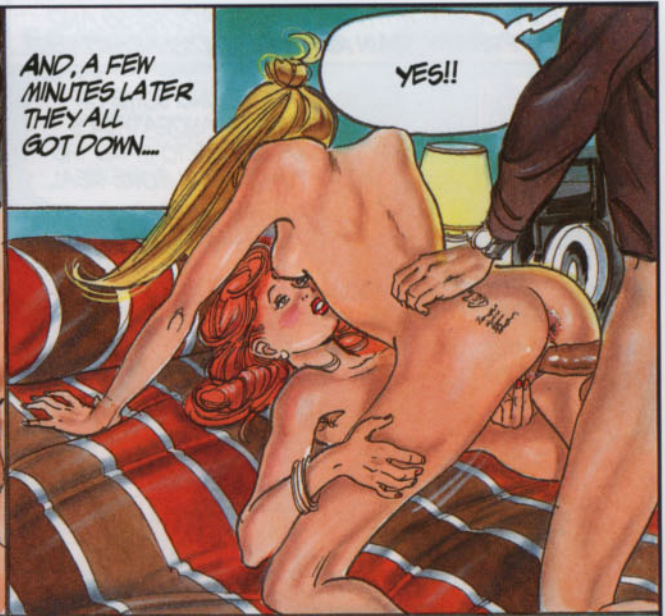
THEY DIDN'T HAVE TO BEG CLARENCE. IT WAS AN EXCITING OFFER. TEMPTATION EMANATED FROM HER CRACK. IT WAS TOO MUCH!



THE POWERFUL BECKONING OF HER SWEET HOLE MADE RAIN COMPLETELY LOSE SELF-CONTROL.



AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY ALL GOT DOWN...



RAIN WAS ASTOUNDED BY HIS SUDDEN UNEXPECTED FAME. HE'LL HAVE TO GET USED TO IT.



OUR FRIENDS WON'T BELIEVE IT!

I'M BEING FUCKED BY RAIN! HOLY SHIT!



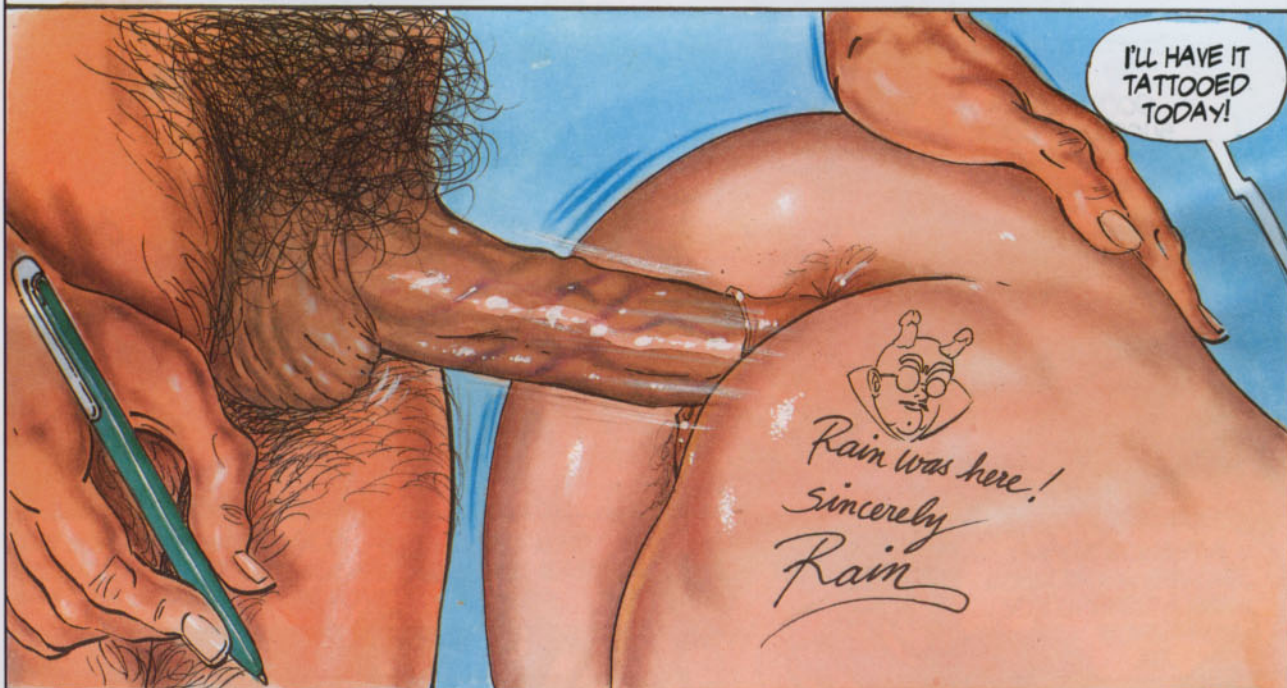
GOTTA TAKE ADVANTAGE OF MY POPULARITY WHILE IT LASTS. GO RAIN!



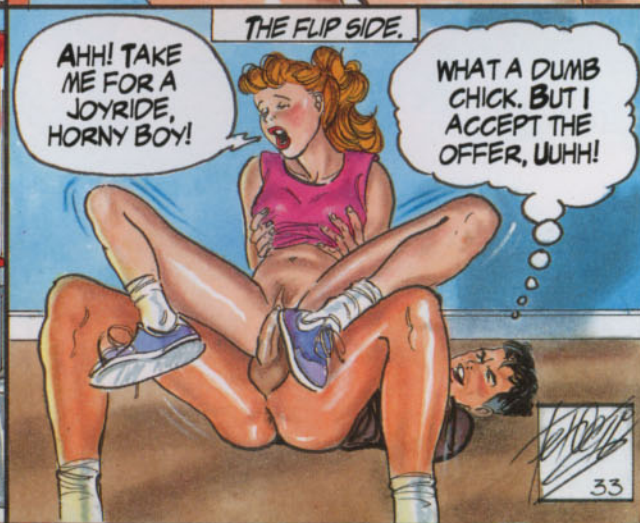
AAAHH!!



FOR A TIME, RAIN'S SIGNATURE ON WOMEN'S ASS CHEEKS BECAME THE MARK OF HIS PASSAGE. THE GUY KEPT USING WHAT HE LEARNED.

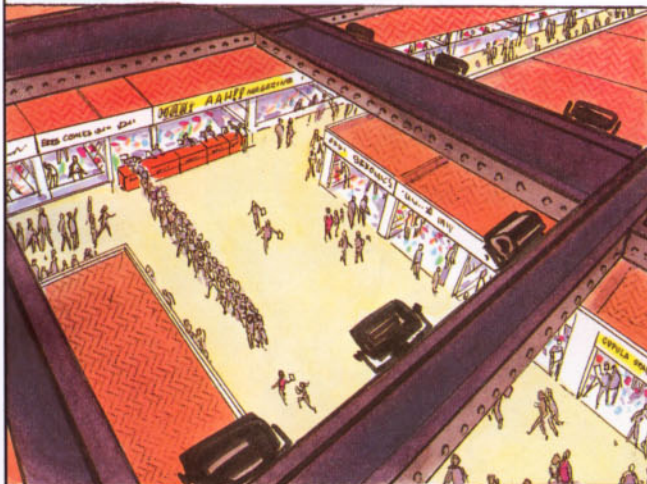


ALTHOUGH FAME DIDN'T BRING HIM PILES OF BUCKS, IT DID OFFER AN ABUNDANT CROP OF BOOTIES. WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING!





RAIN WAS INVITED TO SEVERAL EVENTS IN THE WORLD OF COMICS AND WAS ALWAYS THE CENTER OF ATTENTION.



HIS FELLOW ARTISTS IN THE PROFESSION FELT HUMILIATED, ENVOUS AND JEALOUS.



THE WORST OFF WAS NAVAJO JACK, WHO WAS NOT ABOUT TO ACCEPT ANOTHER MAN'S FORTUNE. RAIN WAS "THE BAD GUY" IN THIS MOVIE.



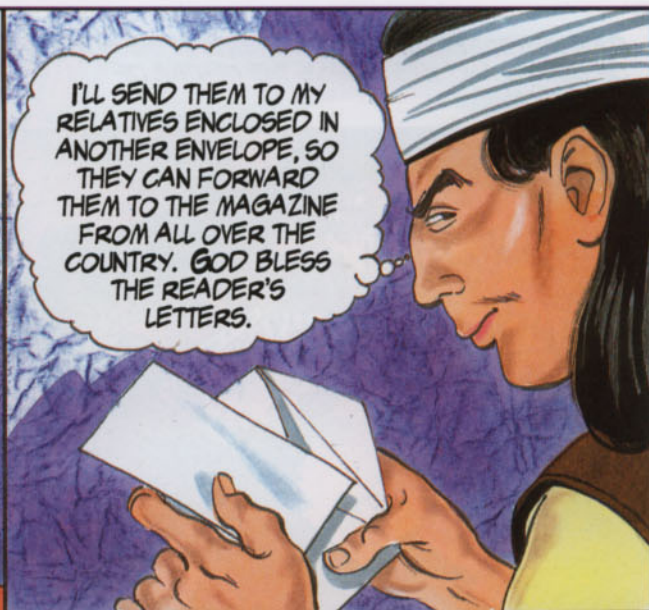
AND HE OPENED SOMETHING ELSE, WHEN HE INVITED HER TO HIS "STUDIO" TO SEE HIS "DRAWINGS."



NAVAJO JACK IS PISSED OFF BECAUSE NOBODY HAS COMPLIMENTED HIM ON HIS WORK. HE DECIDES TO DO IT HIMSELF AND SENDS LETTERS FROM FAKE ADMIRERS TO THE MAG'S "LETTERS FROM OUR READERS" SECTION. THE LETTERS PRAISE HIM AND DESTRUCTIVELY CRITICIZE THE WORK OF HIS COLLEAGUES, ESPECIALLY CLARENCE RAIN, THE PERSON HE MOST ENVIES AND DETESTS.



I'LL SEND THEM TO MY RELATIVES ENCLOSED IN ANOTHER ENVELOPE, SO THEY CAN FORWARD THEM TO THE MAGAZINE FROM ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. GOD BLESS THE READER'S LETTERS.



MEANWHILE RAIN IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE "LETTER BOMBS" HIS RIVAL IS SENDING.



I WANT THE SAME TREATMENT AS IN "BUTT ON FIRE."



OH!

AH-AH!
YOUR COCK IS
ROCK-HARD!



I'M COMING!!
AAAAHHH!!



BUT CLARENCE RAIN IS THE OBJECT OF ANOTHER PERSON'S STEADY GAZE.

NOW YOU
GOTTA SUCK
MY DICK!

AA

RAIN, MY IDOL!
THE DAY OR NIGHT WILL
COME WHEN YOU DO THOSE
SAME NASTY THINGS
TO ME.

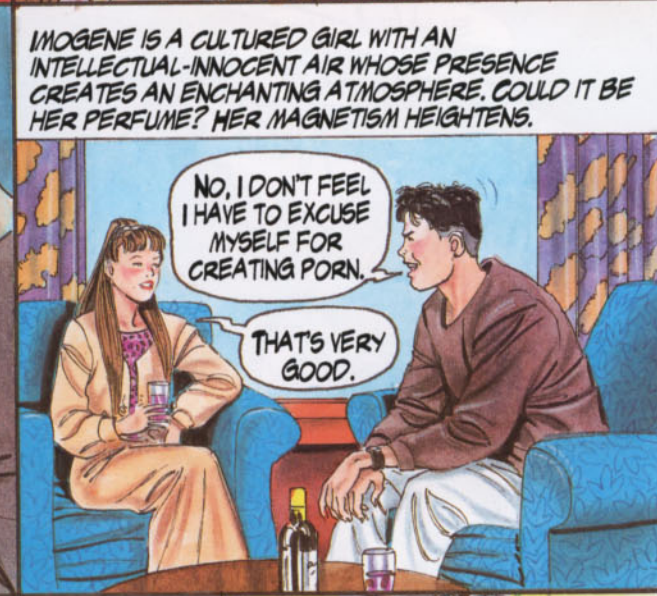
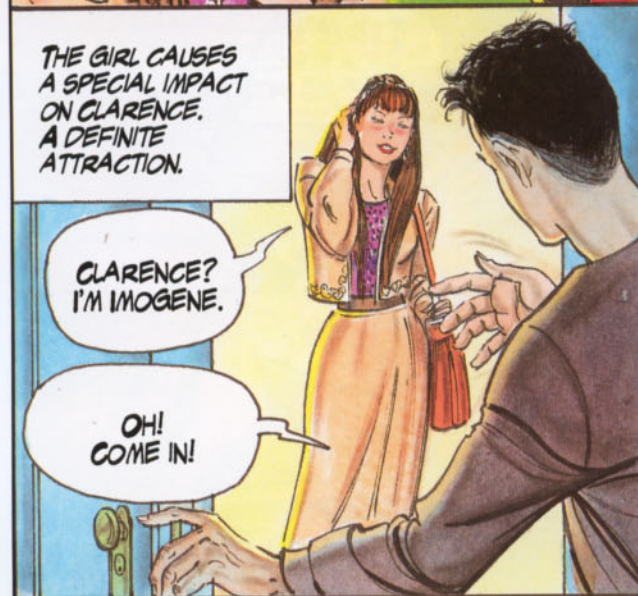
AH!

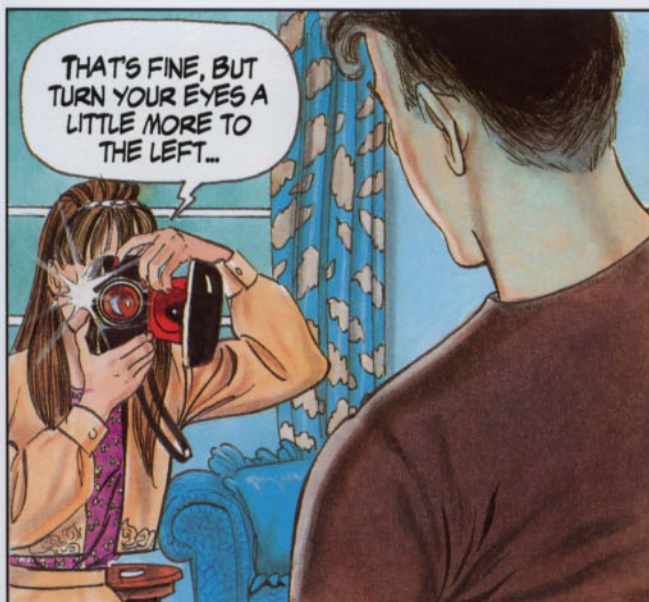
AAH!

I LOVE SIT
ON A BIG COO
FUCK ME IN TH

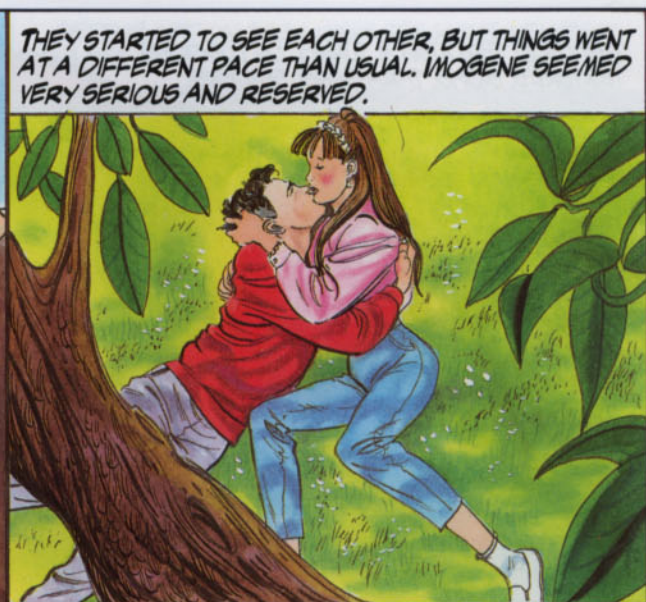
STOP!

MPFP!

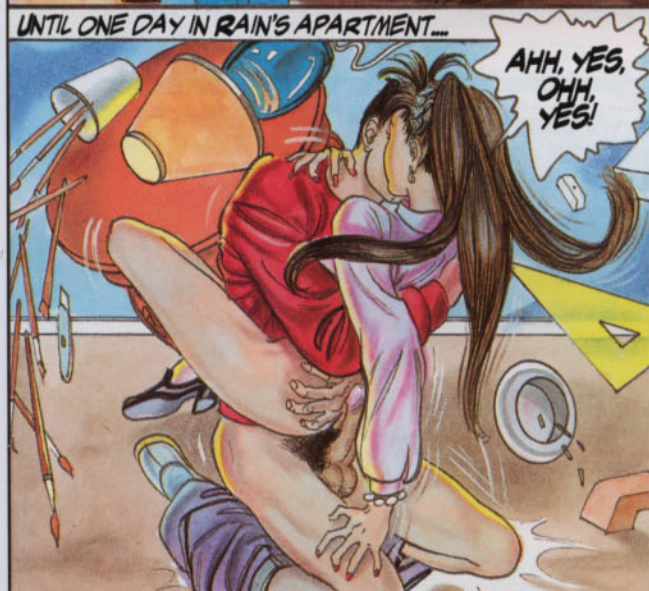




THAT'S FINE, BUT
TURN YOUR EYES A
LITTLE MORE TO
THE LEFT...

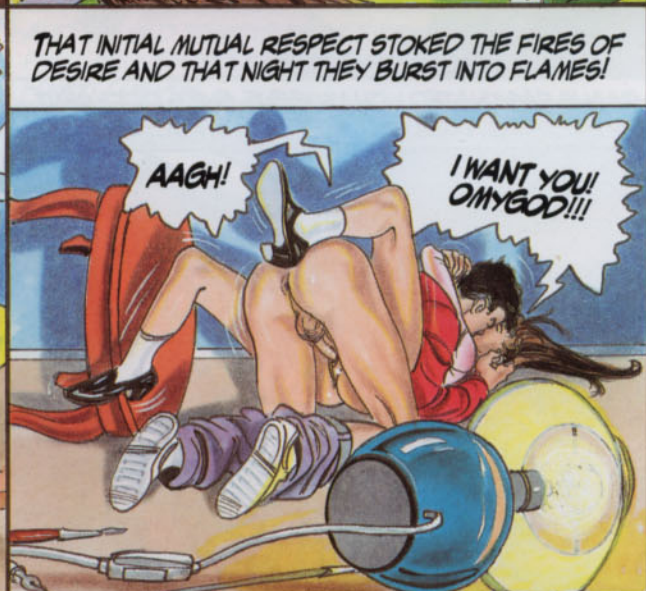


THEY STARTED TO SEE EACH OTHER, BUT THINGS WENT
AT A DIFFERENT PACE THAN USUAL. IMOGENE SEEMED
VERY SERIOUS AND RESERVED.



UNTIL ONE DAY IN RAIN'S APARTMENT...

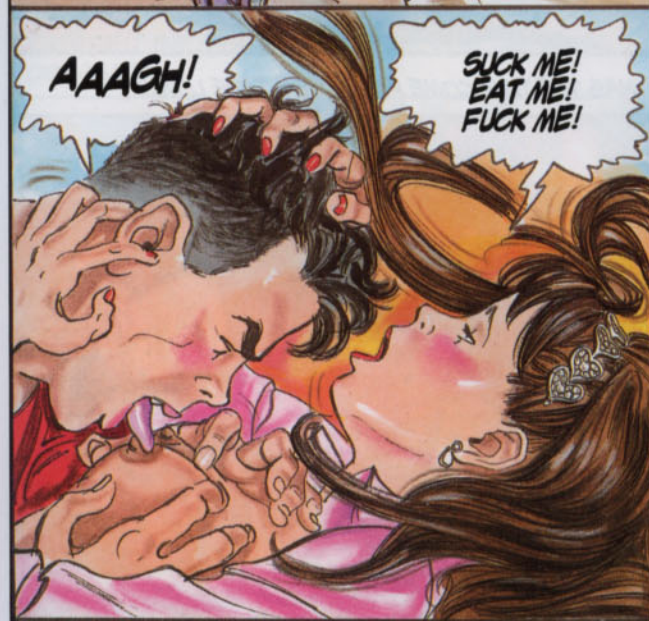
AHH, YES,
OHH,
YES!



THAT INITIAL MUTUAL RESPECT STOKED THE FIRES OF
DESIRE AND THAT NIGHT THEY BURST INTO FLAMES!

AAGH!

I WANT YOU!!
OMYGOD!!!



AAAGH!

SUCK ME!
EAT ME!
FUCK ME!



AH!

AH-AH!

AAH!

39

THEY SLID THROUGH A TUNNEL OF LUSCIOUS TEXTURES, SIGHS, THRASHING, SHRIEKS!

AH!!

RAIN IS FASCINATED WITH IMOGENE. SHE'S DIFFERENT... SO BEAUTIFUL, CULTURED, INTELLIGENT, DECENT.

YOU'RE WONDERFUL. THE ARTICLE YOU PUBLISHED ON ME WAS SPECTACULAR.

YOU DESERVE IT CLARENCE! MY DARLING!

I ALWAYS THOUGHT I COULD ONLY FALL IN LOVE WITH A SENSITIVE MAN, AN ARTIST!

WHAT!

HAS THE TIME COME FOR LOVE? TRUE LOVE?

THEY WRITHED AND SLAMMED INTO EACH OTHER UNDER THE HOT LIGHTS...



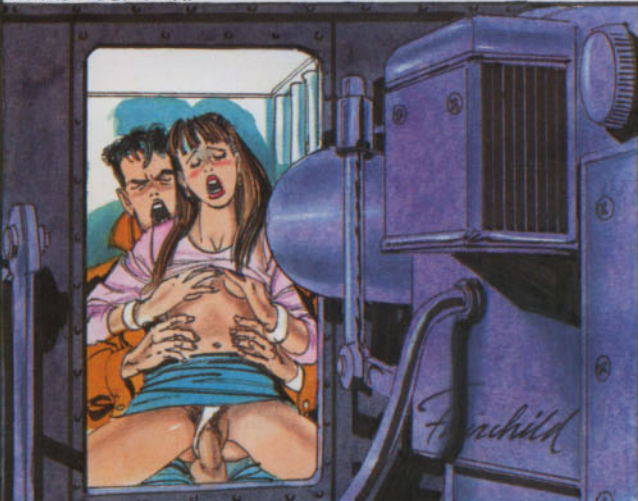
...GETTING OFF ON "HIGH-RISK" SEX IN THE WEIRDEST PLACES.



THEY DID IT IN PARKS (WITH THE CHANCE OF GETTING CAUGHT AND GOING TO JAIL FOR INDECENT EXPOSURE).



AND THE OLD "FURTIVE FUCK" TRICK IN THE SUBWAY PHOTO BOOTH, WHILE OTHERS WAITED BEHIND THE FLIMSY CURTAIN.



THEY FELT THE DEAFENING INTENSITY OF THE "MUTE ORGASM".



THEY WERE TWO MISCHIEVOUS KIDS, BEING NAUGHTY.





THEIR FRANTIC ENCOUNTERS BEGAN AT SUNDOWN AND ENDED WITH EXHAUSTION.



AI!

AI!
AI!!

AI,
MY LOVE!

NOTHING MATTERED, NOT THE
PIERCING SHRIEKS THAT ESCAPED
UNCHECKED, NOR THE CREAKING
BED OR ANXIOUS PANTING
FROM THE NEIGHBORING
CORONARY CASES.



YOUR ASS IS
SO SWEET!

THEY WERE COMPLETELY LOST IN THEIR PLEASURE.



I WANT YOU
TO CUM ON
MY TONGUE!
LAP, LAP!



OH!

AH!!

AH!

42

AT DAWN...

HEE, HEE,
HEE!



THE GLORIOUS SURPRISE OF WAKING TOGETHER.



UNDER THE EFFECT OF THE EXCITING JUICES THAT
FLOW IN LOVERS.



OOH,
YES!!



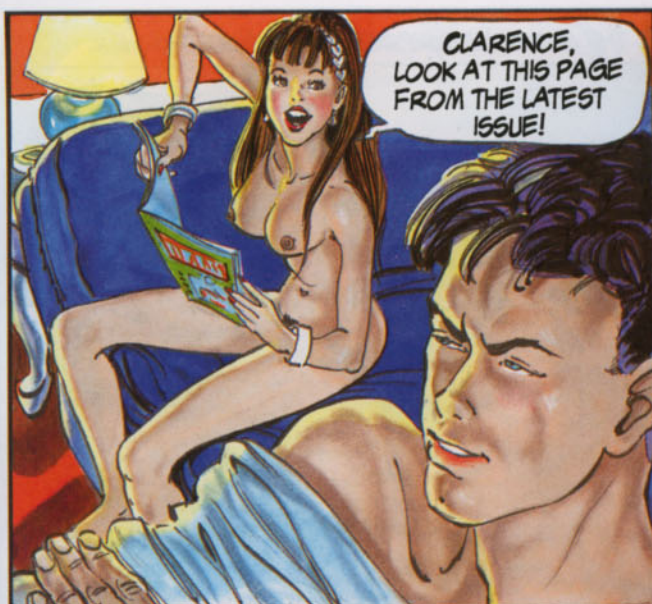
THEY DIVE IN WITH RENEWED ENERGY.



AND END UP IN AN ECSTATIC, GUSHING FLOOD.



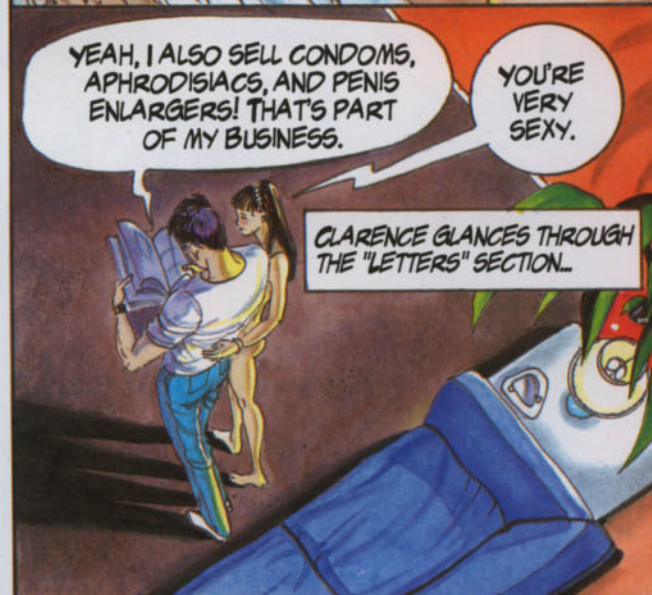
43



CLARENCE,
LOOK AT THIS PAGE
FROM THE LATEST
ISSUE!



IT'S YOU
SELLING
UNDERWEAR,
HA, HA!



YEAH, I ALSO SELL CONDOMS,
APHRODISIACS, AND PENIS
ENLARGERS! THAT'S PART
OF MY BUSINESS.

YOU'RE
VERY
SEXY.

CLARENCE GLANCES THROUGH
THE "LETTERS" SECTION.



WHAAT?

A READER HAS ACCUSED
ME OF BEING A "COMIC
MAG PROSTITUTE" WHO
SELLS HIS BODY LIKE
A CHEAP SLUT.



AND THIS OTHER
ONE SAYS I'M A
DISGRACE AMONG
ILLUSTRATORS, THAT
I'VE DENIGRATED
THE TRADE.

THAT I'VE
USED THIS ART
FORM TO SELL MY
ASS, AND THEY
SHOULD KICK ME
OUT OF THE
MAGAZINE!?



HA, HA HA!
NOW COMES "THE
ERA OF NAVAJO
JACK!"

His graphic novels are so much more than sex. They're comedy, drama, soap operas, all contained within the universe the artist creates for us. And without a doubt, we've rarely seen bedroom scenes as imaginative and exciting as this sensational Chilean author offers us. The combination of complex plots, irony, heart-stopping sex and a totally personal concept of color is nothing less than explosive. Numerous editions and books all throughout Europe and America have sprung up from this talent. Ladies and gentlemen, may I present Fred Harrison, alias Ferocius.

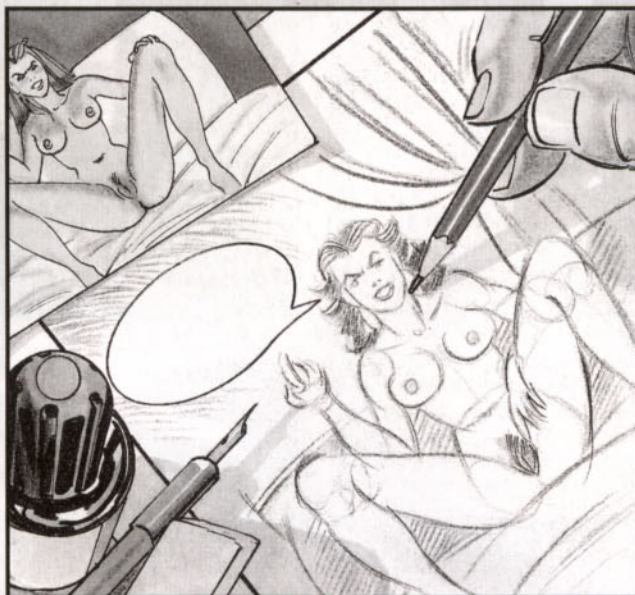
How did you discover the world of comics? Did you get into them as a kid or was it something that came along later?

I found them when I was eight, more or less, through the magazine *Okey*, a weekly publication in black and white that included work from Argentine and Spanish artists. I had a subscription that came to the house, which turned Thursday into the most anticipated day of the week. Comics became a sort of obsession to me. My childhood was during the 50s, a period when comic strips were one of kids' biggest pastimes. There were even stores where you could exchange old mags, which were always crammed with little kids...

What were some of your principal influences? I understand you really admire John Prentice...

I always have. Prentice drew with a lot of confidence and a lot of perfection, too, which is reflected in each of his panels. The story as a whole turns out really believable. He isn't the only one I admire; there's also John Spranger, who drew *The Saint*. His drawings are clean, impeccable, and expressive. They were both very professional illustrators with solid styles, but my list of favorite American artists doesn't stop there. There's also Jim Holdaway and Paul Gillon. As far as foreign authors go, there are other great ones in the American school, like Jesús Blasco, Horacio Altuna and García Seijas, for example.

And as far as comic artists or illustrators in the erotic genre, who influenced you? In the erotic area, the one I admire most is the master Horacio Altuna, but I don't think that he's influenced me too much...although it seems we were both influenced by Robert Fawcett.



Where does the pseudonym Ferocius, that you use for your stories, come from?

To be taken seriously, I had to be ferocious, as much in drawing as in promotion. It's a phrase I heard from an artist. It stayed with me and it's present in my mind at all times. The artist was accompanied by a good friend of his, the French artist Moebius. As I admired both of them and needed a pseudonym, they inspired me and I chose **Ferocius**, which sounds kind of like Moebius...

In the past, you used names like McFrapap, another alias...

McFrapap was the first pseudonym I had. I chose it when I was a teenager, living with my parents in Viña del Mar. I used it to sign all my work at that time. I think it's funny that it alludes to my Scottish origins. It's an alias I still use when I work just as an artist with a story that isn't mine.

In some way, did the dictatorship or the state the country was left in after it affect you in any way?

Thank god, when I sent my first story to Europe, Aylwin was already president, but the ancient judicial norms and our 19th century penal code were still in place, so you had to be careful...

You also lived in Costa Rica for a while...

And what a while it was! I was there almost a decade. It was a very important phase in my life, because there's no forgetting I was trained professionally there. Without a doubt that country influenced my palette of colors. The chromatic combinations I use in my comics come from there, from those street corners, those gardens. Works like *Taboo Flower* and *Sheets to Remember* are good examples. Plus, there I met my inspirational muse, a beautiful blonde with a wild side who appears in those stories under the name *Moonlight*. I've never known another woman who influenced my work more.

In contrast to a good part of your professional colleagues, you don't come just from the world of design and illustration. Your professional background is ample and diverse, and without a doubt, you tend toward stories...

That's your most complex question because you have to understand that I'm a person who spent seven years studying law at a university and turned down a lucrative and prestigious career for an activity that's totally unstable and frequently looked down upon as not being art. It's hard to understand.

In fact, your side as a photographer is a part of stories like *Harem*. How has that influenced your work as a comics artist?

Not a lot, because I don't use photography as a basis for my drawings. But what's certain is that I use the same esthetic norms of photography for drawing. I mean the principals are adapted, for example, everything involving composition, lighting, tonal values. Nonetheless, I think comics are more linked to films. Comics are a kind of frustrated cinema, you have to use all sorts of devices to create pseudo-movement. In any case, I think that comics are an art independent of all the others; although I must say, if you consider the storyboards they use to get cinematographic scenes rolling, the line that separates one medium from the other is blurrier.

As far as my recurring allusions to the world of photography go, the influence comes more from my love for photographic artifacts than from photography as an

art. In fact, I'm a collector of cameras and antique lenses.

You were also involved in medical studies, as can be seen in the incredible close-ups that appear in your works, where you show the penis, the vagina, the skull, in minuscule detail that gives us the impression that we're in an anatomy class...

The only studies I had of that sort were the two years of forensic medicine that law students were required to take. In fact, I wrote my thesis in legal medicine and I got interested in scientific illustration because of some incredibly detailed drawings of insects I did for a pair of American entomologists in 1974. I continued to like that specialization, but I didn't get any other jobs along the same line. About the drawings you're talking about, I use them to broaden the sexual landscape. Actually, they're only an explicative approach, documented with anatomical texts and completed with a bit of imagination.

What do you think are the main ingredients when you're expressing the atmosphere and hotness of sex on the page?

I believe that the key is realism mixed with beauty and youth, because once you've joined those elements, you can use your "secret methods" without the risk of grossing anyone out. The methods I'm referring to come precisely from our, as it's called, "body truth". There are certain "unattractive" things that, in small amounts, are unexpectedly different. You've got to suss those

out with the characters. So, if the girl is really beautiful and young, a little sweat, a little hair and other things in intimate places that might be unsightly aren't bad, they're actually exciting. That sort of thing can be great, it depends on who the person is. What I'm talking about here is turning the reader into a hyper-excited peeping Tom. That's where I think the secret lies.

Years ago, you started a career as a narrative writer. What fundamental differences have you come across when you put down what you want to say in one format or another?

In narratives, you paint a description of the panel in words as if you were telling it to a blind man who is imagining what you tell him. Viewed from another angle, it's the reader who draws his own pictures from the words you offer. The narrative obliges you to create images that take on a different form, depending on the audience. Each person has his or her own mental dictionary of images. In comics, the material's already sketched out. It's the same as the difference between radio shows in the old days and today's soap operas.

As an artist, your work is really personal and the relationship between the story and the drawings is stupendous. Do you like working with other people's stories?

In *Plip and Plop*, *Viviana* and *El Dorado* I worked with French writers, but I prefer working with my own stories. I create authors' comics, and on the contrary, my work isn't as good as it could be when I interpret someone else's words. Nonetheless, I think if the writer is good, it can be interesting...

Now, about Rain-Bow: in addition to the obvious parallels to erotic comics artists, is there anything autobiographical in the story?

Absolutely! **Jim Bow** is a winner who has had the luck to live during the golden age of comic strips in newspapers. Jim is an Anglo-Saxon born in the United States. **Fred Harrison**, on the contrary, is an Anglo-Saxon born in a faraway South-American country called Chile. Obviously, we haven't had the same opportunities, as I'm not a millionaire, but Jim is. Actually, the story offers unexpected psychotherapeutic possibilities.

Do you have any specific work methods? Do you follow certain habits, schedules or do you just begin creating when the inspiration strikes you?

I have strict working hours, and not just for my comics, but also for storyboards and other things I do. In the afternoons, I teach classes on color at a private art school. My work habits are totally organized, and in fact, I've taped each stage on video since 1988 so that my students can watch the process in class.

Your comics are hand-worked in a medium where computers are more and more present every day...

Yes, that's true, but I'm not against technological advances. The thing is, doing color in digital takes out a large part of my participation in creating my work, and as such, it takes away a large part of the pleasure. It's like making love to a woman using a vibrator with a remote control. In my opinion, it's a method that's abused and artists wind up losing a lot of part of their personal character in their work.

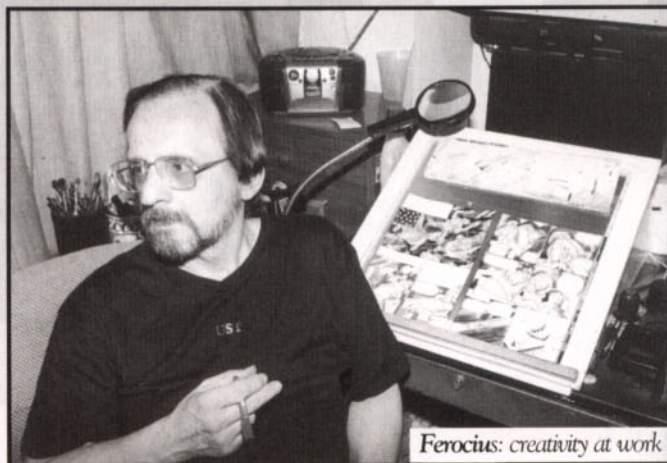
Have you ever used real live models to draw from? Do you use any kind of documentation?

No, it would be too expensive and it could be sort of risky. I remember an American publishing house that printed a book of mine, putting a disclaimer on the first page saying that all the models used in the story were at least 19 years old. What models? A few of my colleagues read that and called me on the phone to ask if I'd invite them to my photographic sessions so they could meet the girls. Yeah, in the past I used a lot of documentation, both for the human figure and to recreate objects and atmosphere. But it's also true that by continuously drawing, you learn the human figure all the way down to the last hair. Now I can create my characters freehand, without any references.

Projects in the future?

When you're past 50, projects aren't in the future, they're in the here and now. I started *Talismans*, which is the fourth part of *Milwaukee*; I'm oil painting and I'm finishing up the third revision of my novel *Secret Visits*.

Fred Harrison's home studio, the place where the magic happens.



Ferocius: creativity at work



CONNECTED 0.4

THEY WERE BORN SIAMESE TWINS
CONNECTED AT THE CLITORIS.
WHEN THEY WERE SEPARATED,
NOBODY FORESAW A TERRIBLE
CONSEQUENCE...

I DON'T KNOW
WHY WE CAME HERE.
ELVIRA'S PARTIES
ALWAYS WIND UP FULL
OF GAY PEOPLE.

HOW'S IT
GOING?

NOT SO WELL.
THERE ISN'T EVEN
ONE STRAIGHT
GUY HERE!

THIS IS
TOO PATHETIC
FOR ME.

IT'S MORE
DEPRESSING THAT
TWO PEOPLE FIT IN
MY DRESS.

DIDN'T YOU SAY
YOU HAD FRIENDS WHO
WEREN'T GAY?

UH...YEAH,
BUT NONE OF
THEM SHOWED
UP.

MY
HETEROSEXUAL
FRIENDS ARE
ASSHOLES.

THEY SAY
THEY'RE MODERN
AND OPEN, BUT
THEY RUN OFF AT
THE SIGHT OF
FRANKENSTEIN
BUTT-BANGING
A WEREWOLF IN
THE KITCHEN.

THE ONLY HETERO
HERE IS JAMES, THE GUY
FROM MY VIDEO RENTAL
PLACE. THAT TOTAL BORE
IS GOING ON AND ON
ABOUT ALL HIS
"KNOWLEDGE" ABOUT
FILMS...

TO HOLLYWOOD,
HORROR FILMS ARE A
QUESTION OF POLITICS.
IT'S NO COINCIDENCE THAT
PETER JACKSON IS FROM
NEW ZEALAND. IN HIS
BEGINNINGS...

GOD, WHAT
A FREAKY
FUCKER.



AND WHAT SORT OF FILMS
INTEREST YOU? NEOREALISM?
EXPRESSIONISM?

EROTICA.
PORN.

WOW... THAT
ISN'T MY AREA OF
CONCENTRATION...

THE EROTIC GENRE CAN BE ART,
YOU KNOW, BUT IT'S RUINED BY
BORING PLOTS...

THAT'S
TRUE...

THEY NEVER
MAKE
SENSE...

AND THEY
GRAB THE GUYS
LIKE THIS, AND
THEY WANNA GET
FUCKED...

AND THEN
SUDDENLY THEY
SHOW YOU THEIR
TITS, LIKE IT'S
NOTHING. YOU
KNOW?

AND THE GUYS
ARE ALWAYS
HORNY...

YEAH, YOU
CAN'T BELIEVE...
THOSE...

PLOTS...

SHUT UP
ALREADY,
YEAH?



COME ON,
EAT OUR
PUSSIES.

WHAT'RE
YA WAITIN'
FOR?



MMM...

OH, YES,
EAT ME...



AHH, YESS...
SO GOOD. NOW
GIVE IT TO ME,
HURRY!



FUCK ME, LIKE
IN THE MOVIES...



OH, YESS...
I CAN FEEL YOUR
COCK GOING IN...

?!



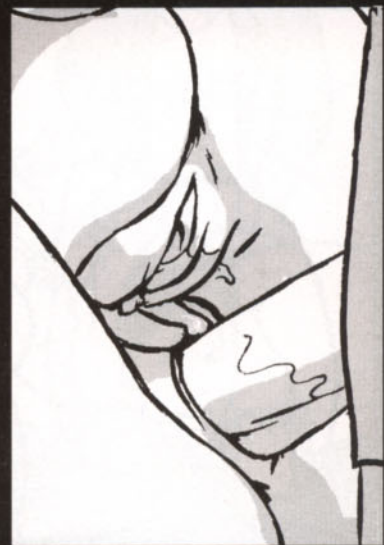
GET YOUR ASS
READY, I'M GIVIN'
IT TO YOU.



≡MURFF≡

WAHHH... YOUR
TONGUE MAKES ME
CRAZY!

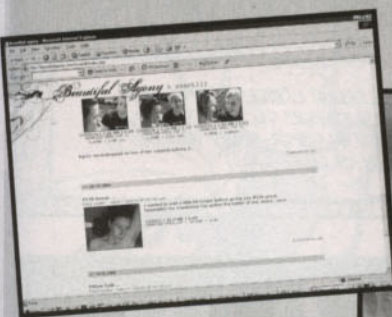




Under the counter

(Continued from page 25)

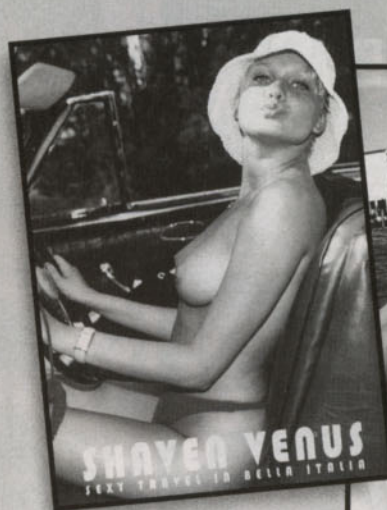
by Ruben Lardin



LITTLE DEATHS

That the French call orgasm "little death" is an interesting window into perception, a dramatization of reality, as if dying's the same. But the thing about sex is that it's a generator of head trips. At beautifulagony.com, under the heading "*Facettes de la petite mort*", Richard Lawrence and Lauren Olney have been collecting since 2003 a pile of videos of orgasms, dozens of them, and they've done it with class and exquisite taste, complemented by Shannon Hourigan's design. It's like this: there are men and women of different ages and types masturbating in front of the camera, alone, and their footage is later put on the site. Four times a week, they include new contributions (you, too, can send in yours), and all of them turn out bold and beautiful to look at as sexual representations that the page poses as a point in the question of eroticism. There isn't a tit, a pussy, nothing, but these little agonies in which a few girls seem to laugh, others cry, others look like they're dying, others suffer, are truly arousing. There's peaceful masturbation, rigorous ones, ones that scare you and others that make your ears ring (like the cry of a hungry lioness). And you have to see, good god, how beautiful the women are in this state of plenitude while the guys seem to come undone and look more pitiful than anything else. In any case, beautifulagony is a sublime, gorgeous site that almost makes you want to die from all the beauty...the minimum subscription is \$14.95 a month, and what you'll find there is worth much more than that.

WWW.BEAUTIFULAGONY.COM



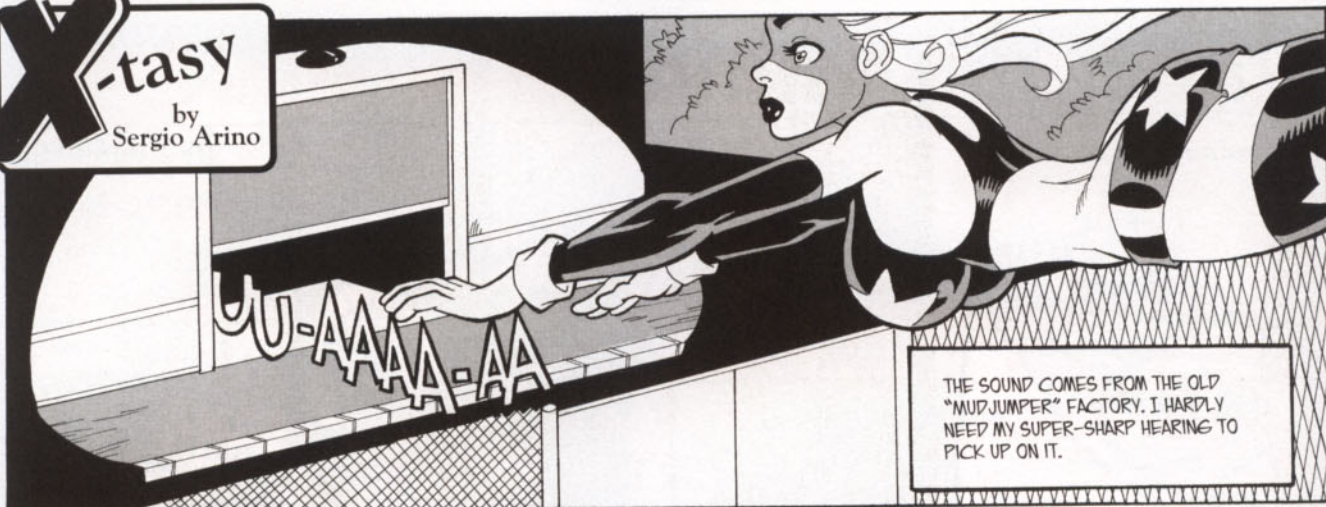
BALD BLONDIE

Ralf Vulis is a smiling Lithuanian guy who recently published *Crazy Sexy Girls*, a sales success at Edition Reuss, which gave the go-ahead for three more books of joyful women. His model this time is Agnese, a blond, buff woman with a flat ass that at first seems limited but then reveals her unusual, raunchy beauty. With her, he traverses the streets of Venice, both of them laughing and discovering more and more of her at every turn. Agnese's crotch is shaved, as the title boldly asserts, and she's totally natural, which whets the appetite, and Vulis is a bad boy. His photos are of questionable artistic merit, which is exactly how we get drawn in and interested. The easy comfort the internet offers today allows sex in print to adopt luxurious forms in deference to the erotomaniac and to the detriment of the common guy, who may not want to lift the cover of this book at all. Keeping this in mind and that Vulis demands little of himself, Agnese is the artist here, and you'll find great interest in her taut physique, which she has without a doubt. Enjoy this book as a passionate affair of more than a hundred pages.

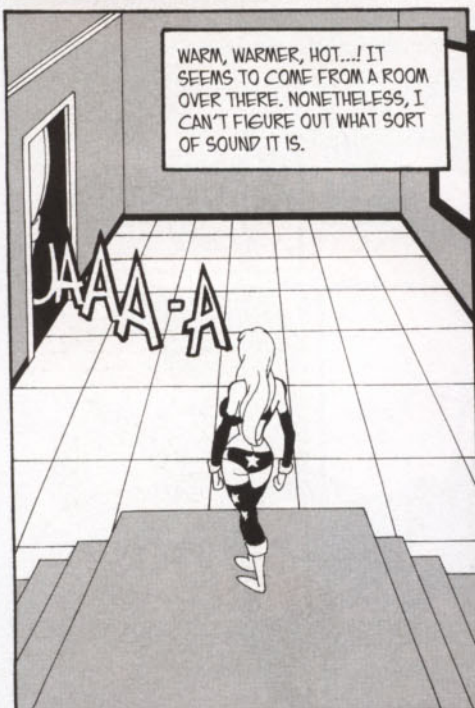
SHAVEN VENUS. SEXY TRAVEL IN BELLA ITALIA

Ralf Vulis
Edition Reuss

In bookstores with foreign titles or at www.edition-reuss.com



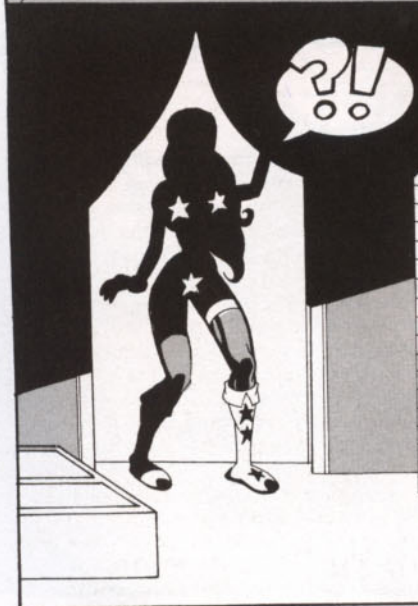
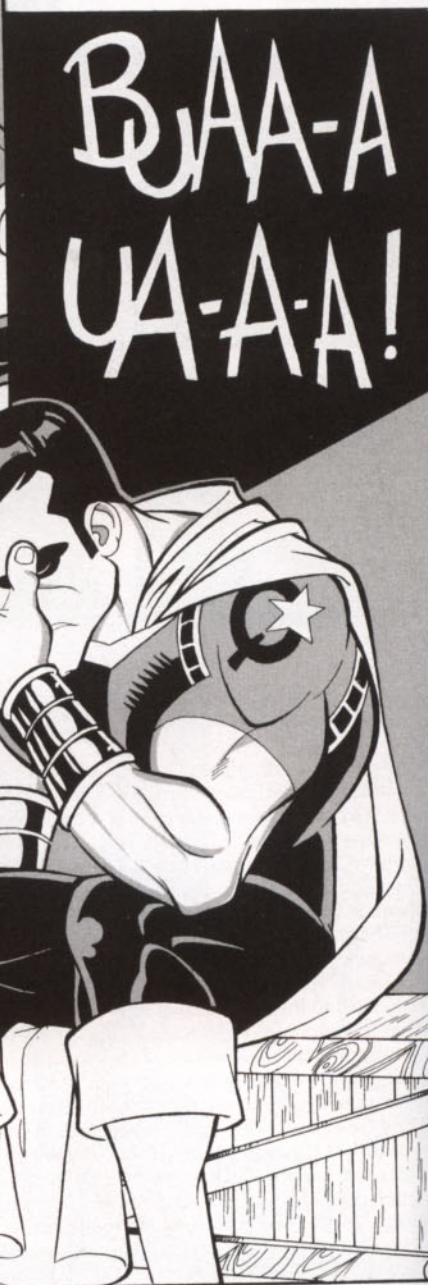
THE SOUND COMES FROM THE OLD "MUDJUMPER" FACTORY. I HARDLY NEED MY SUPER-SHARP HEARING TO PICK UP ON IT.

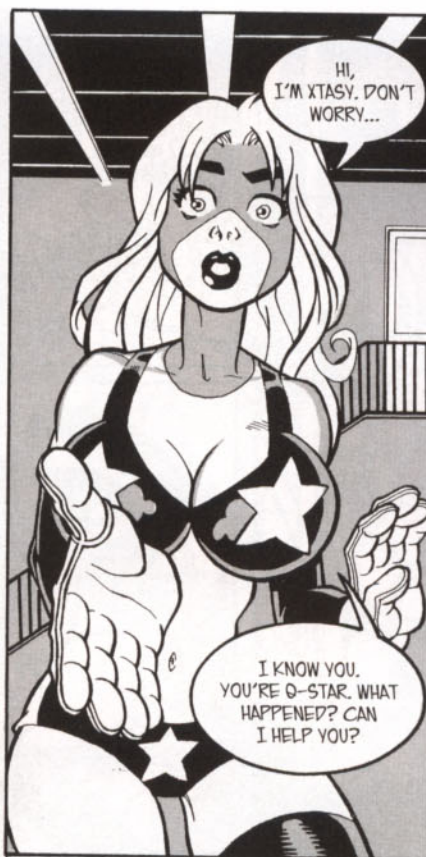


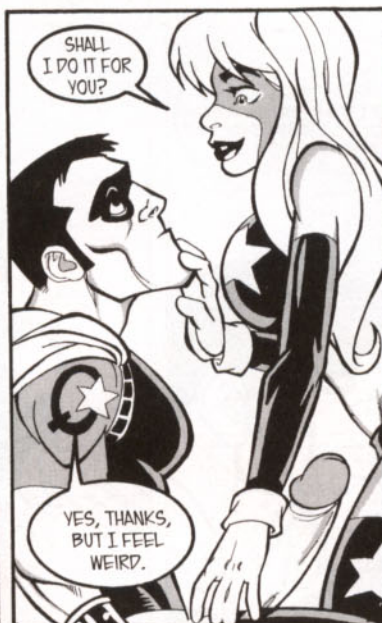
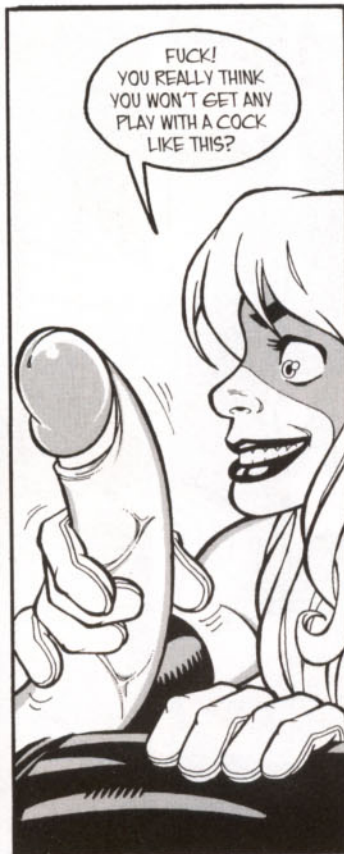
WARM, WARMER, HOT...! IT SEEMS TO COME FROM A ROOM OVER THERE. NONETHELESS, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHAT SORT OF SOUND IT IS.



SOUNDS LIKE SOME SORT OF...CRY? BUT WHO COULD IT BE?











NAAH!



OH, YEAH.
COME.



NGGG!



WELL,
LOOKS LIKE YOU
FEEL BETTER
ALREADY.

SHE
WAS A DUMB
BITCH.

ARE YOU
OK FOR ME
TO GO?

YEAH,
I'M BETTER,
THANKS.

WELL,
IT'S TIME FOR
ME TO GO.

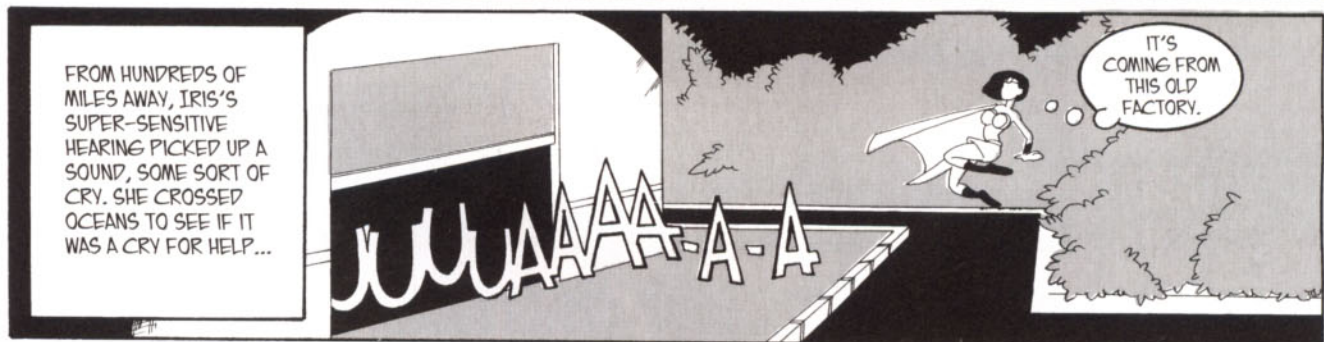


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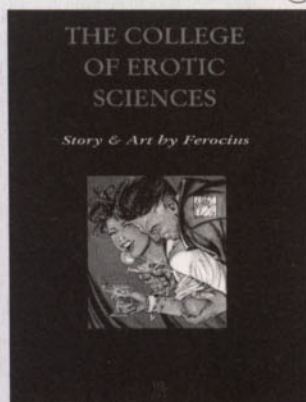
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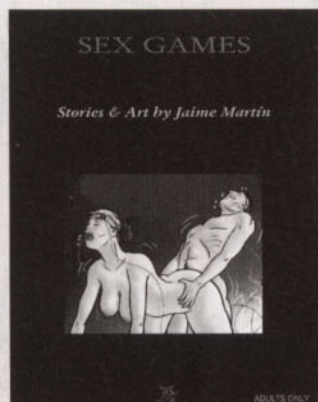
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The Piano Tuner and Five Stars



FOR A WHILE I'D BEEN PLAYING ON A REGULAR BASIS AT THE RESTAURANT OF THE FIVE-STAR HOTEL, THE LUXOR.

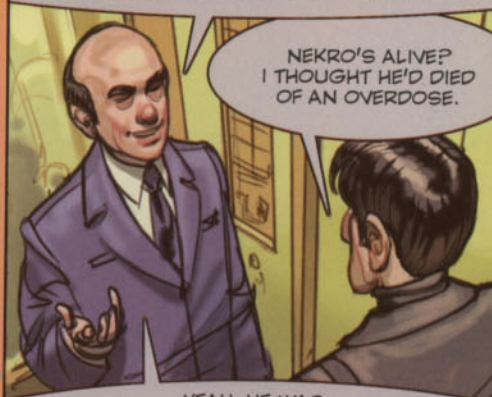
I'D JUST FINISHED WHEN THE MANAGER APPROACHED ME.

MARIANO, COULD YOU TUNE THE PIANO IN THE PRESIDENTIAL SUITE? JAMES GRIMBAK, NEKRO'S AGENT, JUST CALLED TELLING ME THE PIANO WAS OUT OF TUNE.



SURE THING.

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO BE A LITTLE PATIENT. MR. GRIMBAK IS A LITTLE ANTSY... IT CAN'T BE EASY MANAGING SUCH AN UNPREDICTABLE ROCK STAR.



NEKRO'S ALIVE? I THOUGHT HE'D DIED OF AN OVERDOSE.

YEAH, HE WAS MIRACULOUSLY SAVED. THEN HE SPENT TWO YEARS IN REHAB AND NOW HE'S RETURNED TO THE MUSIC SCENE...OR WHATEVER YOU'D CALL WHAT HE'S DOING...

MR. GRIMBAK, THIS IS MARIANO D'ELIA, MUSICIAN AND PIANO TUNER.



GOOD EVENING.

IT'S A PLEASURE.

THIS PIANO IS A LITTLE OUT OF TUNE BUT TONIGHT NEKRO IS REUNITING WITH HIS FAN CLUB AND I NEED EVERYTHING TO WORK PERFECTLY. WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF RE-LAUNCHING HIS CAREER AND WE CAN'T ALLOW OURSELVES ANY MISTAKES.



COME HERE, JAMES!! HURRY!!

EXCUSE ME.

IT ONLY NEEDS A LITTLE TIGHTENING ON THAT CORD. THEY REALLY WANT EVERYTHING PERFECT.



I TOLD YOU TO HIDE EVERYTHING FROM HIM!!! HE ONLY HAD TO WAIT A FEW HOURS TO FUCK UP LIKE THIS!!!



JUDGING FROM THE STIFFNESS OF HIS BODY AND THE FOAM COMING OUT OF HIS MOUTH, SOMETHING BAD HAD HAPPENED TO NEKRO.

TAKE HIM TO THE OTHER ROOM AND CALL THE DOCTOR. NO ONE NEEDS TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS!



AND NOW WHAT DO WE DO? THE FAN CLUB'S ALMOST HERE!



BSSSS...

HUH? YOU THINK?

YEAH, MAYBE...AT ANY RATE, WE DON'T HAVE ANY OTHER OPTION.



A TOUCH HERE AND IT'S READY.

MARIANO, WE NEED TO TALK!!



NEKRO IS MORE FUCKED UP THAN USUAL AND IN A FEW MINUTES HE'S SUPPOSED TO MEET WITH HIS FAN CLUB. IF I CANCEL THE INTERVIEW, EVERYONE WILL THINK THAT HE DIDN'T GET OVER HIS DRUG PROBLEM AND I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN RIGHT NOW...



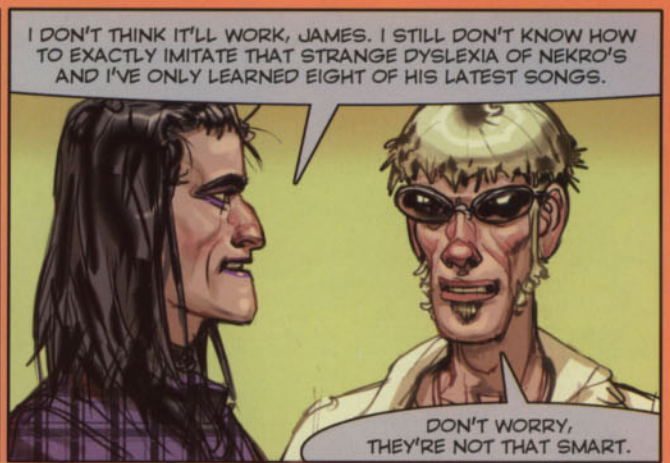
I JUST NOTICED THAT YOU LOOK LIKE HIM, SO I'LL MAKE YOU A PROPOSITION: YOU PASS YOURSELF OFF AS NEKRO AND I'LL PAY YOU WHATEVER YOU ASK...



THAT'S FINE. BUT INSTEAD OF PAYING ME, I'D LIKE YOU TO SPEND AN HOUR LISTENING TO MY MUSIC. I WANT TO RECORD A CD AND PROMOTE IT TO THE MAX...

DONE DEAL! COME ON NOW, WE'VE GOT A LOT TO DO...







Oh!

Nnnn...

Oh!

Ah!

Chap!
Chom!

AV!!
AV!!

Flop!
Flop!
Flop!

Ahh!

Chap!
Chom!

Ahh!

Fannn!
Fannn!

Ahh!

Flop!
Flop!
Flop!

Frot! Frot!

Splash!





MAX Hardcore

The most obscene porno freak

Obscene? Yes, obscene and masochistic too. In Max Hardcore's videos, the girls are used as simple objects for sexual pleasure. Nonetheless, he's got one of the biggest fan clubs in the X world. But in the industry, among his colleagues, it's not the same: everyone hates him. His extreme gonzo videos always feature raw anal sex scenes in which Max behaves crudely and winds up ejaculating all over the girls' mouths. With his aggressive style, he's been provoking audiences for more than fifteen years, directing series as explicit as *Cherry Poppers* and *Max Extreme*. Today, the good side of Max is working on his demonic web site, to the joy of his fans. Put on your cowboy hat, we're going for a ride...

BAD BOYS

Lately there's been a small, hell-bent surge in the handful of directors obsessed with anal sex. From **John Stagliano** to **Ed Powers**, including **Thomas Zupko**, **Bruce Seven**, **Pierre Woodman** and **Patrick Collins** with his famous series *Sodomania*. Among all these sodomites, **Max Hardcore** is the one who's really spearheaded this trend. In contrast to his XXX colleagues, Max isn't just content to butt-slam the girls, he makes them submit to his whims, he penetrates them like a rodeo cowboy and ends it all by coming in their mouths and on their faces. This guy doesn't have any morals and is guided only by the most primitive sexual instincts. But there's a story here...

FUCKIN' IN FLORIDA

When Max Hardcore landed on planet earth, he wasn't named Max Hardcore, nor did he have the cowboy look that's made him famous worldwide. He was born in 1959 in Racine, a tiny town in Illinois. He was the sixth boy in a Catholic family and was baptized **Paul Little**. After high school while working as a photographer, he morphed into the black sheep of the family. He started off in X movies like a bull in a china shop: sweeping away his entire past. He interviewed with the producer **Bobby Hollander** and began directing his own movies in 1990.

IT'S STAGLIANO'S FAULT

In addition to being one of the most important producers of the 90s, John Stagliano worked for many other directors. One of them was Max Hardcore. In an interview, he recalled that he wasn't up to much. "During the time I was living in Florida, I worked as a photographer. I started doing that because I realized it was the best way to make a girl get naked in front of me. It was really dumb. That was when I saw what John Stagliano was doing in his movies in the *Buttman* series. If he could do that, get a girl in the street, fuck her and film sex scenes with her, anyone could do it. It was just a matter of having a camera...and money."

PORNO AMATEUR

Encouraged by Stagliano's videos and by the amazing girls he fucked, Max was convinced that he should direct his own X videos. "It was during that time that amateur videos started coming out," Max remembers. "They were done by totally unknown actors and actresses, right off the street, who didn't know how to act in front of the camera: they were really fucking! And that's how I got to film unusual sex scenes...the fans loved my style because it was different from what everyone always did, which was much more mechanical. I put more personality and naturalness into it. I was in the right place at the right time."

HARDCORE, MAX Hardcore

In 1992, Max went for a job as a producer at **Zane Entertainment** and became one of the most popular directors of the time, thanks to the series *Cherry Poppers*. His secret? Unknown girls who looked like teenagers and really, really hardcore sex: anal penetration, fist-fucking, humiliating



stuff...The marriage with Zane ended in 1994 and Max created his own company, **Film West Productions**. Since then he hasn't stopped fucking and making millions of dollars with his incendiary videos.

SEX AT BRUTAL VOLUME

This kamikaze of porn movies was convinced that his formula of radical sex worked because almost all the viewers could identify with it. It's what they want to do to a girl. In his own words: "I try to do things that people fantasize about, that excite them ...that isn't a typical fuck between a couple. I want people to see my movies and get turned on. When I come across fans at festivals, they tell me they aren't happy with their sex lives. They watch my movies and they wish their lives were like the one I represent. They wish they could walk down the street, say hi to a girl and ask her without any problems: 'Hi, how are you? Wanna have a drink with me?...Wanna fuck?'"

MAXIMUM POTENCY

His films have scandalized friends and strangers. Directors like Patrick Collins and **Seymore Butts** hate him, as do 90% of the actresses that have worked with him. Plus, American authorities have been close on his heels lately: "In the United States, there are lots of places where porn is almost illegal," says Max. "I direct really powerful porn, without taboos, and in a lot of states I've been accused of obscenity. They call everything they consider outside of normal, obscene. They say that my videos are beyond what is acceptable for the public. And so in a short while, I'll go back to court to defend myself. This is the second time. The first time, the jury was deadlocked, they declared a mistrial and dropped the charges. We'll see what happens this time!"

SEXUAL LIBERTY

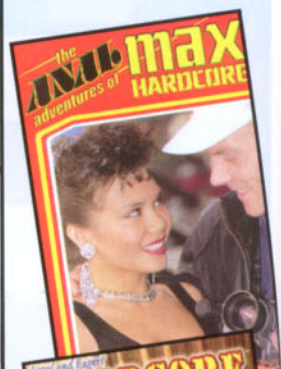
But no one can doubt that what Max does, at the bottom of it, isn't anything more than porn movies. They're intense and wild, but it's sex between people who've made the choice freely. "What I want people to understand is that I'm dedicated to the show, the entertainment, although it's viewed from a very sexual point," says Mr. Hardcore. "Truth is that it's all fantasy and in my movies, everything is very exaggerated: the girls wear more makeup than normal, shorter skirts, higher heels than in real life. It's all entertainment. It's like anal sex. In porn, it seems like all the girls love it and do it, but it really isn't a regular thing, is it?"

Well, ehem...The best thing is to follow the trail of this porn cowboy through his website (www.maxhardcore.com). There, you'll find it all: upcoming shoots, mail, news, pre-screenings...hurry up before they put him behind bars!

MAXIGRAPHIA

These are some of the films directed by Max Hardcore. An overdose of anal sex not recommended for sensitive viewers!

Anal Adventures of Max Hardcore 1: Adventures in Shopping (1992)
 Cherry Poppers (1993)
 Bubble Butts 26 (1993)
 Cherry Poppers 3 (1994)
 Anal Adventures of Max Hardcore 7: Wildlife (1994)
 Anal Adventures of Max Hardcore 8: Full Throttle (1994)
 Cherry Poppers 10: Sweet and Sassy (1995)
 Squirts 5 (1995, re-release)
 Squirts 6 (1996, re-release)
 Max Hardcore's Anal Auditions 1 (1996)
 Max 15: Street Legal (1997)
 Max World 12: Chicks for Free (1997)
 Max World 13: Down to the Waterline (1998)
 Planet Max 1 (2000)
 Pure Max (2000)
 Skull Fuckers (2002, re-release)
 Max Faktor 1 (2002)
 Gangbang Girl 33 (2002)
 Pure Max 11 (2003)
 Pure Max 14 (2004)





C'MON KIDS...
GO HOME!

THE RESULT OF THAT NIGHT WAS BY
ALL COUNTS, NEGATIVE.

A WORLD-CLASS BENDER THAT HAD SUCKED OUT HIS LAST
DIME, AND NO COMPANY.

IT WAS THE MOMENT TO FIRE
HIS LAST DESPERATE SHOT.



WANNA
MARRY ME?



HA...

SOMETHING THAT IN ALL HIS
EXTENSIVE NOCTURNAL EXPERIEN-
CE HAD NEVER GOTTEN RESULTS.



...THANKS TO PERSEVERANCE AND A
COMPLETE LACK OF SHAME, BOTH
FROM THE BOOZE...



WANNA
MARRY ME?



HEE, HEE...
YOU MOVE
FAST, HUH?

AMAZINGLY AND MIRACULOUSLY, IT WORKED.



THERE...
THE YELLOW
ONE...

SHE SAID THEY COULD GO TO
HER UNCLE'S PLACE. SHE
HAD THE KEY AND NO ONE
WAS THERE.



HE, SON OF THE UPPER MIDDLE CLASS,
SHUDDERED AS THEY ENTERED THAT
NEIGHBORHOOD.



THE EASE OF IT ALL MADE HIM
SUSPICIOUS. HE SAW HIMSELF
WALKING HOME NAKED WITH
A BLEEDING HEAD WOUND.



BUT HIS BRAIN WAS NOT THE ORGAN
IN CHARGE OF THE SITUATION.



HEE,
HEE...



TRIC
TRIC TRIC

AH..

HE HEARD A KEY TURNING IN THE
LOCK, AND WENT FROM PLASTERED
TO STONE-SOBER IN A FRACTION OF
A SECOND.



HI...

HE EXPECTED TO SEE A GUY WITH A GUN OR AT
LEAST A BASEBALL BAT.



WE'LL GO
TO THE KIDS'
ROOM...

OK...

IT WAS HER SISTER (FIRST OPTION AT THE CLUB).
HE MAGICALLY FELT BOMBED AGAIN.



MMM...
NITH...

THE ROOM SMELLED A BIT MUSTY.



THLOWER...
THLOWER...

SHE DIDN'T PRONOUNCE HER S'S RIGHT.



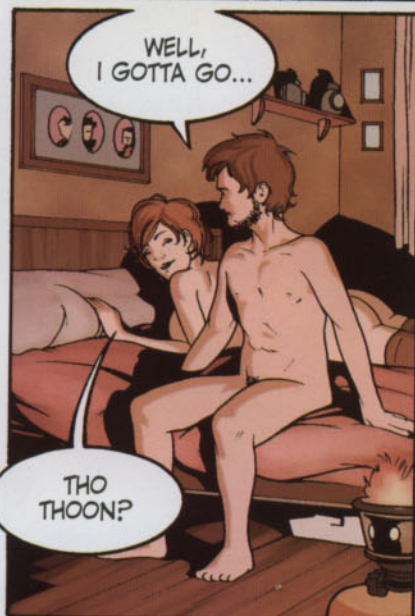
IT ITCHES...

AND SHE WASN'T MUCH FOR CONVERSATION.



MMMF...

BUT HE'D NEVER SEEN SUCH A PERFECT BODY SO
CLOSE, EXCEPT ON TV, OF COURSE.



WELL,
I GOTTA GO...

THO
THOON?

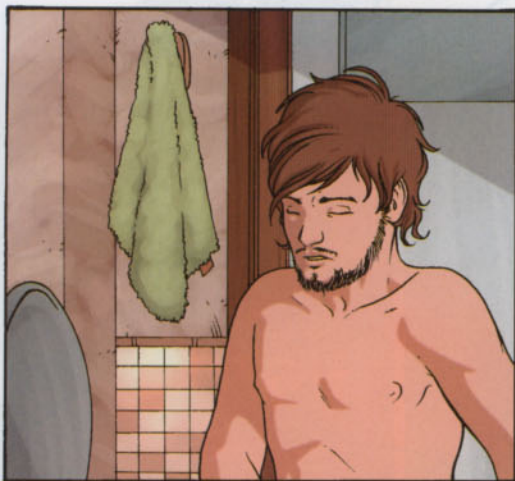


SHE SUCKED IT WITH AWESOME
DEVOTION...



MMF...

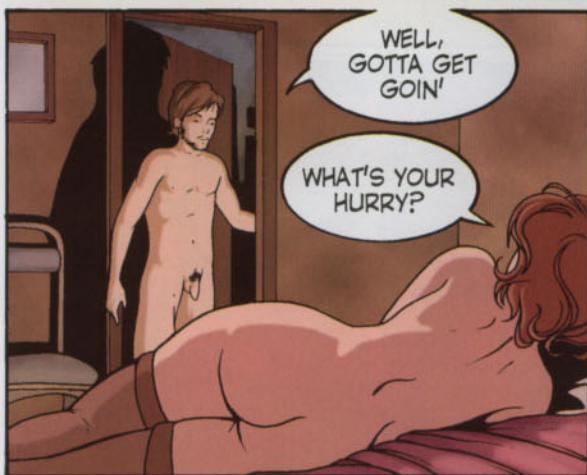
AND WHEN HE PUSHED IT IN, SHE
PURRED LIKE A KITTEN.



AFTER THE THIRD TIME AROUND THERE WAS A PROBLEM.



THE SUN WAS COMING UP AND HE WANTED TO ESCAPE. PUT DISTANCE BETWEEN THEM.



BUT SHE WASN'T MAKING IT EASY... AND THERE WAS ANOTHER THING THAT MADE HIM STAY...



SOME UNFINISHED BUSINESS.



IT WAS WARM, TIGHT AND TENSE... BEAUTIFUL!



DOWN AT THE FIFTH ROUND.

HE WENT WITHOUT MAKING A SOUND OR LEAVING A NOTE.



HE WAS THE ONE WHO PUT INTO WORDS WHAT THEY WERE BOTH THINKING.



HIS ROOM DIDN'T SMELL MUSTY AND THE SHEETS WEREN'T MADE OF POLYESTER...



DESPITE THESE COMFORTING DETAILS, HE HAD TROUBLE FALLING ASLEEP.



HE SAW HER AGAIN TWO MONTHS LATER, SAME PLACE.



NO SIGN OF A BULGE



HE KNEW HE WAS OPEN TO A SLAP IN THE FACE, BUT HE RISKED IT.



YOU SHOULDN'T DO THAT... SHE SCOLDED HIM SWEETLY.

THE MESSAGE WAS STRONG AND CLEAR: NO RESENTMENT.



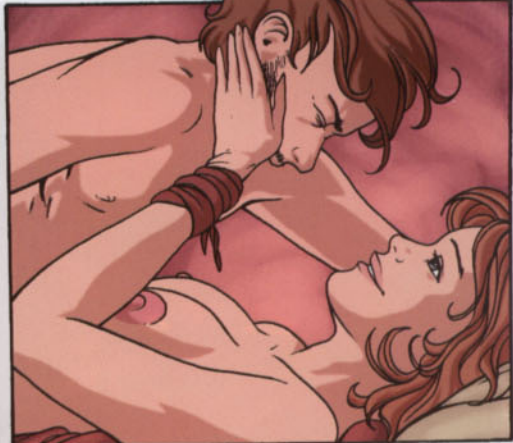
THIS TIME THE UNCLE'S HOUSE WASN'T AVAILABLE, SO THEY WENT TO A HOTEL.



HE IMAGINED A FUTURE OF WILD SEX, WITHOUT TIES OR RESPONSIBILITY.



HE THOUGHT HE COULD MAINTAIN THE SITUATION BY BEING VERY CAREFUL.



AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, SHE TOUCHED HIM WITH TENDER AFFECTION AND HIS DREAMS EVAPORATED.



JUST THEN HE NOTICED THE STRANGE ORNAMENTS ON HER WRISTS.



TWO SCARVES...



...SYMMETRICALLY PLACED.



LATER, HE HEARD HER THROW UP IN THE BATHROOM.



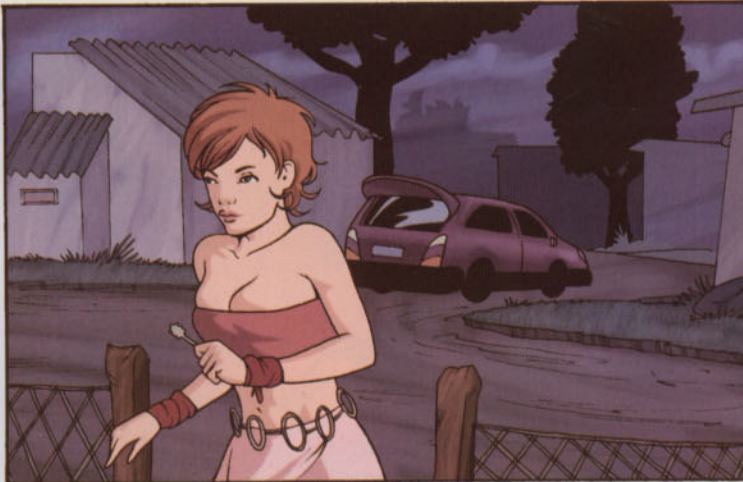
HE WOULD RATHER NOT HAVE DONE IT, BUT HE TOOK HER HOME.



SHE LIVED IN THE SAME NEIGHBORHOOD AS HER UNCLE, A LITTLE FARTHER IN.



HE TRIED TO FAKE A LITTLE TENDERNESS IN THE GOOD-BYE KISS.



THE LAST DIGIT OF HIS PHONE NUMBER WASN'T A SEVEN, IT WAS A SIX. HE MADE THE MISTAKE BELIEVABLE, JUST IN CASE.



HE CHANGED CLUBS.



BUT STILL, HE DIDN'T AVOID SEEING HER...

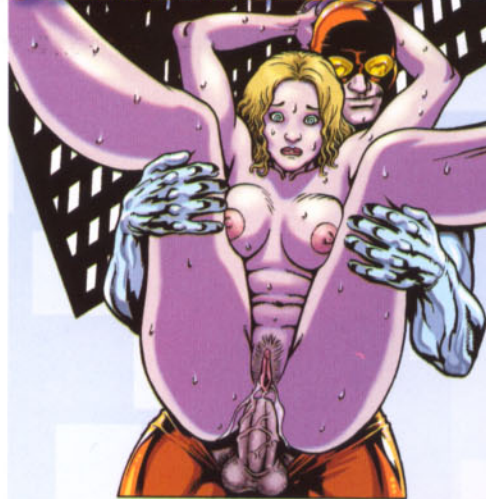


...ABOUT A YEAR LATER.

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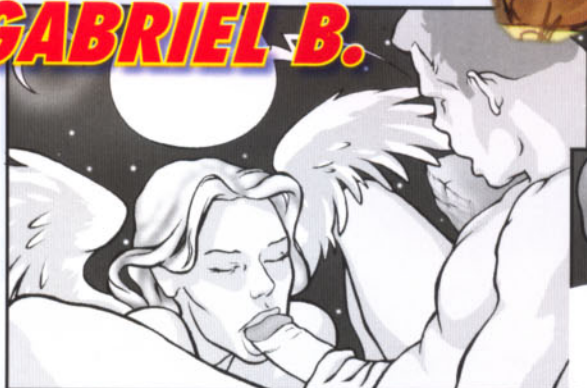


ALVARO



NOE

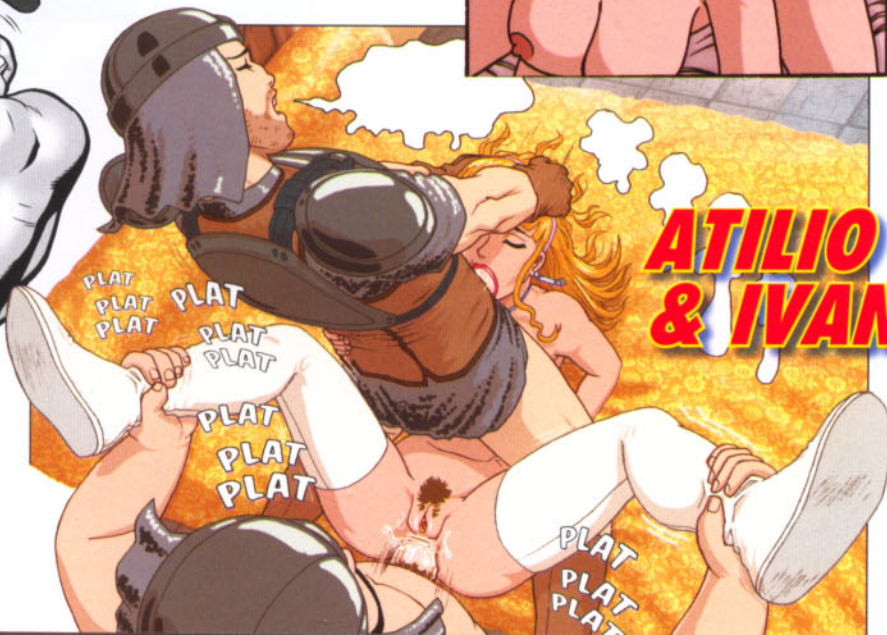
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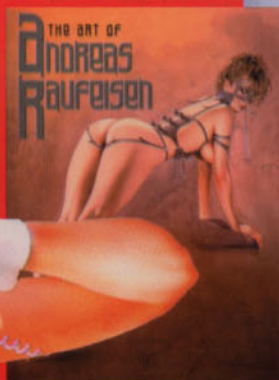
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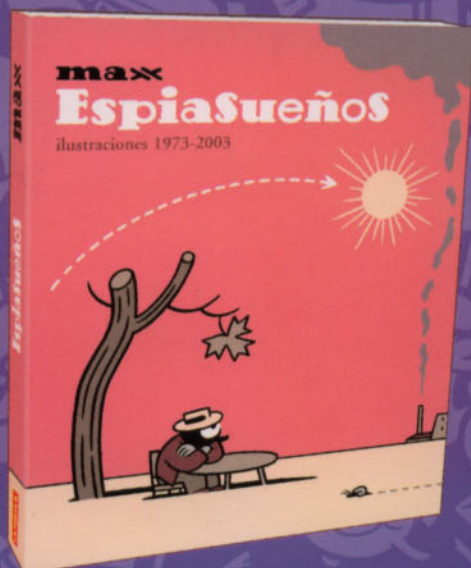


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